

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

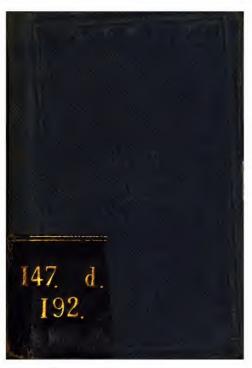
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

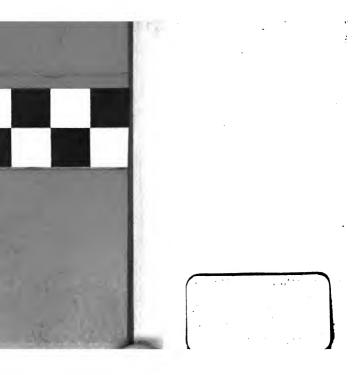
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + Keep it legal Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/



Dunced by Google



Turresuby Google

Resolution Stymen





Dunced by Google



CATHOLIC HYMNS

Arranged in order for the Peincipal festivals, feasts of saints, And other occasions of devotion Throughout the year.



Mith Moodeuts.



BURNS AND LAMBERT.

DUBLIN: J. DUFFY, 7 WELLINGTON QUAY.
DERBY: BICHARDSON AND SON.

1853.147 d.10.





N. CARDINALIS WISEMAN. May 3d, 1853.



Adbertisement.

THE hymns and other poems contained in this collection are, with but few exceptions, the production of living Catholic authors, and a large proportion of them has never before been published. The remaining poems have been selected from different Cathelic Hymn-books in use in the dioceses of the United States of America. All of these have been carefully revised, and in some instances cast into an almost entirely new form. One or two well-known hymns of Faher Faber have, with the author's permission, been varied slightly, for the sake of the tune, from the original text. The hymns for "The Assumption," "May Jesus Christ be praised !" " Divine Grace," "The Last Farewell," come from the pen of the Rev. Father Caswall, and have never before been printed. They are taken from a manuscript volume of similar poems, and may justly become an occasion, of expressing the hope that their respected author will not long withhold it from the public. The Editors also feel a pleasure in being allowed to add, that the poems of this and the succeeding collection (No. II.) signed "Sister M. J." in the table of contents, are due to Convent of Sisters of Mercy in Charleville,

The directions with reference to singing are given in the preface to the volume of Music, in which each piece will be found; adapted to an easy and appropriate melody; and in the conclusion of their work, the Editors beg to return their thanks to many other contributors, to whose kind co-operation in different ways they have been indebted for its completion.

H. F.

The Music of the Hymns in a quarto volume.

Price 2s. 6d.

I. TABLE OF CONTENTS,

In Alphabetical Order, referring to the Title of each Piece.

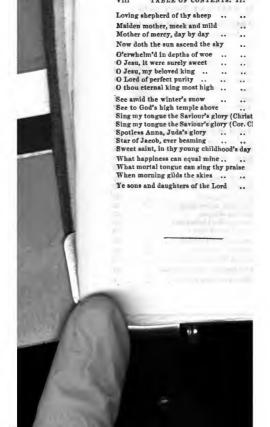
					468
A child's hymn to	the B	lessed	Virgi	n C. M. C.	. 36
Advent hymn	••		••	Campall	13
An evening hymn	to the	Bles	sed Vi	rgin	36
Christmas hymn, 1				Caseall.	
Christmas hymn, I	II.		::	Campall	15
Divine grace					
Divine providence	••	••	••	Canvall,	
	••	••	••	C. M. C.	51
Easter hymn, I.	••	••	••	M. L.	19
Baster hymn, II.	••	••	••	Camall.	20
Evening hymn	••	••	••	Canoall.	12
Faith of our fathers	٠	••		Peter	47
Baith of our fathers	(for	Irelan	d)	Faher.	48
Feast of Corpus Ch.	rieti		-	Carrall	_
Feast of the Annun	ciatio	m of H	I. V. M	- Cannall	=
Peast of the Ascens	tion			Canoall	23
Feast of the Assum	ptim	of B.	V M	Camall	29
Feast of the Immac	ulate	Cone	melon	C M C	29 22
Feast of the most 8	scred	Hear	e peson		25
					20
Gratitude for the ea	rly El	10MTG			
				eter M. J.	38
Hail, holy Joseph, 1	tail!	••	••	Paber.	26
Hail, thou star of or	ean	••	••	Canvall.	87
Holy Innocents		••	••	Campall.	16
Hymn before the in	age o	f Mar	7	Campall.	50
Hymn for Good Frid	day			Campall	19

	Hymn for Pentecost Caswall. Hymn for the Epiphany Caswall.
	Hymn of thanksgiving, &c. I. Hymn of thanksgiving, &c. II. Hymn to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament
	C. M. C.
	Hymn to the Good Shepherd M. L.
	If e'er my heart in riper years Sister M. J.
	Litany of the birth of Jesus C. M. C. Litany of the childhood of Jesus C. M. C. Litany of the passion of Jesus C. M. C. Litany of the resurrection of Jesus C. M. C.
	May Jesus Christ be praised Caswall. Morning hymn Caswall. Mother of Mercy Faber.
	Star of Jacob
	The last farewell Casicall, The Holy Angel Guardian Sister M. J. The Holy Name of Jesus Casicall.
100	The same of the same of the balls.
	THE RESERVE AND ADDRESS OF THE PARTY OF THE
200	
	11 (0
2.5	and the second s
	If you be a proper set to pay
1.3	
The second	The second secon
The same of	A THE PERSON NAMED IN COLUMN TO A PARTY OF THE PERSON NAMED IN COLUMN TO A PAR
1	
100	The second secon
(00)	10.
650	
(6)	
(6)	**
(5)	
	p. €

II. TABLE OF CONTENTS

In Alphabetical Order, referring to the First Line of each Piece.

			~~
Ab, what is this enchanting calm			44
Among the gifts thine hands bestow	٠.,		26
As the dewy shades of even	.21		34
Behold the lilies, &c		"·	40
Bethlehem, of noblest cities			7
By the word to Mary giv'n	••	••	80
By the name which thou didst take	••		8,1
By the blood which flow'd from thee			32
By the first bright Easter-day	••	••	38
Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day			10
Come, my soul, and let us dwell			88
Creator of the starry frame			8
Dear saint, who on thy natal day			18
Faith of our fathers, living still			82
Faith of our fathers (for Ireland)			•87
Hail, holy Joseph, hail!		•••	16
Hail, Mary, only sinless child	••	::	21
Hail, thou star of ocean	••	::	27
Holy queen, we bend before thee	••	::	25
Holy Spirit, Lord of light	••	••	11
			41
If e'er my heart in riper years	••	••	
Jesu, Creator of the world	••	••	14
Jesu, the very thought of thee	••	••	8
Kind angel guardian, thanks to thee	••	••	21
Lovely flowers of martyrs, hail	••		•



N.B. All the poems of this collection, without exception, are copyright in the form in which they now appear.



Diamzen by Google

HYMNS

POR.

Morning and Evening.

Morning Hymn.

Now doth the sun ascend the sky, And wake creation with its ray: Be present with us, Lord most high, Through all the actions of the day.

Create in us a heart sincere, Simplicity of word and will; And may the morn, so pure, so clear, Its own sweet calm in us instil.

Keep us, eternal Lord, this day, From every sinful passion free; Grant us in all we do and say. In all our thoughts to honour thee.

For all day long on heaven's high tower There stands thy sentinel, who spies Our every action hour by hour, From early dawn till daylight dies. So when the evening stars appear, And in their train the darkness bring, May we, O Lord, with conscience clear, To Thee our grateful praises sing.

2. Evening Hymn.

O Lond of perfect purity, Who dost the world with light adorn, And paint the fields of azure sky With lovely hues of eye and morn:

Upon our fainting souls distil
The grace of thy celestial dew;
Let no fresh snare to sin beguile,
No former sin revive anew.

Keep thou our souls from schemes of crime, No guilt remorseful let them know; Nor thinking but on things of time, Into eternal darkness go.

Teach us to knock at heav'n's high door, Teach us the prize of life to win; Teach us all evil to abhor, And purify ourselves within.

Be thou our guide, be thou our goal, Be thou our pathway to the skies: Our toy when sorrow fills the soul, In death our everlasting prize.

HYMNS

FOR THE

Principal Jestivals of the Bear.

Advent Hymn.

CREATOR of the starry frame, Eternal light of all who live; Jesu, Redeemer of mankind, An ear to thy poor suppliants give.

When man, o'erwhelm'd in sin and death, Was wholly lost in Satan's snare, Love brought thee down to cure our ills, By taking of those ills a share.

Thy love for guilty men it was That caus'd thy sacred blood to flow; When issuing from thy virgin shrine, Thou didst to death a victim go.

Great Judge of all, in that last day When friends shall fail and foes combine, Look down in pity then, we pray, And guard us with thine arm divine. To God the Pather and the Son All praise and power and glory be, With thee, O sacred Paraclete, Both now and through eternity.

4. Christmas Hymn.

(1.)

Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory, Sing with joy and holy mirth;
Tell aloud the famous story
Of his spotless virgin birth:
How he comes, an infant stranger,
Here to dwell with us on earth.

Now the long-expected fulness Of the sacred time draws nigh; Now for us the Word eternal Leaves his Father's throne on high; From a virgin's womb appearing, Cloth'd in our mortality.

All within a lowly manger,
Lo; a helpless Babe he lies;
See, his gentle virgin Mother
Lull to sleep his infant cries,
While the limbs of God incarnate
Round with swathing bands she ties.

Blessing, honour everlasting
To th' immortal Deity;
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Equal adoration be.
Prais'd be thou through earth and heaven,
Sempiternal Unity.

5. Christmas Hymn.

(11.)

SEE amid the winter's snow, Born for us on earth below, See the tender Lamb appears, Promis'd from eternal years. Hail, thou ever-blessed morn! Hail, redemption's happy dawn

Hail, thou ever-blessed morn! Hail, redemption's happy dawn! Sing through all Jerusalem, Sing the Babe of Bethlehem!

Lo, within a manger lies He who built the starry skies; He who, thron'd in height sublime, Sits amid the cherubim. Hail, &c.

"Say, ye holy shepherds, say What your joyful news to-day? Wherefore have ye left your sheep On the lonely mountain steep?" Hail, &c.

"As we watch'd at dead of night, Lo! we saw a wondrous light; Angels singing, 'Peace on earth,' Told us of the Saviour's birth," Hall, &c.

Sacred Infant! all divine! What a tender love was thine, Thus to come from highest bliss Down to such a world as this! Hall, &c. Teach, oh, teach us, holy Child, By thy face so meek and mild; Teach us to resemble thee In thy sweet humility. Hail, &c.

Virgin Mother! Mary blest! By the joys that fill thy breast, Pray for us, that we may prove Worthy of the Saviour's love. Hail, &c.

6. Holy Innocents.

LOVELY flowers of martyrs, hail! Smitten by the tyrant foe, On life's threshold,—as the gale Strews the roses ere they blow.

First to die for Christ—sweet lambs, At the very altar ye, With your fatal crowns and palms, Sport in your simplicity.

Yet is Herod's wrath in vain, Though a thousand babes he slay; Christ, amid a thousand slain, Is in safety borne away.

Honour, virtue, glory, merit, Be to thee, O Virgin's Son, With the Father and the Spirit, While eternal ages run. 7. Hymn for the Epiphany.

Bethlehem, of noblest cities

None can once with thee compare;

Thou alone the Lord from heaven

Didst for us incarnate bear.

Didst for us incarnate bear.

Fairer than the beam of morning

Was the star that told his birth,

To the lands their God announcing,

Hid beneath a form of earth.

By its lambent beauty guided,
See the Eastern kings appear;
See them bend their gifts to offer,
Purest incense, gold, and myrrh.

Sacred gifts of mystic meaning; Incense doth the God disclose, Gold a royal child proclaimeth, Myrrh a future tomb foreshews.

Holy Jesu, in thy brightness
To the Gentile world reveal'd,
Still to babes thyself disclosing,
Ever from the proud conceal'd;
Honeur, glory, virtue, merit,
Be to thee, O Virgin's Son,
With the Father and the Spirit,
While eternal ages run.

8. The Holy Name of Jesus.

JESU, the very thought of thee
With sweetness files my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame. Nor can the memory find. A sweeter sound than thy blest Name.

O Saviour of mankind.

O Jesu, thou the beauty art Of angel worlds above; Thy Name is music to the heart, Enchanting it with love.

O hope of every contrite soul. O lov of all the meek. How kind art thou to those who fall, How good to those who seek !

But what to those who find? ah, this Nor tongue nor pen can shew : The love of Jesus, what it is, None but his lov'd ones know.

O Jesu, spotless Virgin flower. Our life, our joy, to thee Be praise, beatitude, and power-Through all eternity.

Hymn for Good Friday.

O'ERWEELM'D in depths of woe. With racking anguish torn, Behold the Saviour of mankind Upon the tree of scorn. See how the nails those hands And feet so tender rend: See down his face and neck and breast His sacred blood descend.

Hark with what awful cry
He yields his parting breath!
That cry it steeps his mother's soul
As in a swoon of death.
The sun withdraws his beam,
The mid-day heav'ns grow pale;
Their moon, the stars, the universe,
Their Maker's death hewail.

Shall man alone be mute,
Amidst adoring spheres?
Come, old and young, come, rich and poor,
And bathe those feet in tears,
Come kneel before his Cross,
Who shed for us his blood;
Who died the victim of pure love,
To make us sons of God.

Easter Hymn.

(1.)

Victima Paschali laudes,

CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to day:
Christians, haste your vows to pay;
Offer ye your praises meet
At the Paschal Victim's feet.
For the sheep the Lamb hath bled,
Sinless in the sinner's stead;
Christ the Lord is ris on high,
Now he lives no more to die.

Christ, the Victim undefil'd, Man to God hath reconcil'd; Whilst in strange and awful strife Met together Death and Life. Christians, on this happy day Haste with joy your vows to pay; Christ the Lord is ris'n on high, Now he lives no more to die.

Say, O wond'ring Mary, say, What thou sawest on thy way? "I beheld, where Christ had lain, Empty tomb and angels twain; I beheld the glory bright

I beheld the glory bright Of the rising Lord of light: Christ my hope is ris'n again, Now he lives, and lives to reign."

Christ, who once for sinners bled, Now the firstborn from the dead, Thron'd in endless might and power, Lives and reigns for evermore.

Hail, eternal Hope on high! Hail, thou King of victory! Hail, thou Prince of life ador'd! Help and save us, gracious Lord!

11. Easter Hymn.

(II.) O filii et filia.

YE sons and daughters of the Lord! The King of glory, King ador'd, This day himself from death restor'd.

All in the early morning grey Went holy women on their way, To see the tomb where Jesus lay. Of spices pure a precious store In their pure hands those women bore, To anoint the sacred Body o'er.

Then straightway one in white they see, Who saith, "The Lord is ris'n, and he Precedes you into Galilee."

This told they Peter, told they John, Who forthwith to the tomb are gone, But Peter is by John outrun.

That selfsame night, while out of fear The doors were shut, their Lord most dear To his Apostles did appear.

But Thomas, when of this he heard, Was doubtful of his brethren's word; Wherefore again there comes the Lord.

"Thomas, behold my side," saith he; "My hands, my feet, my body see, And doubt not, but believe in me."

When Thomas saw that wounded side, The truth no longer he denied; "Thou art my Lord and God!" he cried,

Oh blest are they who have not seen Their Lord, and yet believe in him! Eternal life awaiteth them.

--

Now let us praise the Lord most high, And strive his name to magnify On this great day through earth and sky,

Whose mercy ever runneth o'er; Whom men and angel hosts adore; To him be glory evermore,



12. Feast of the Ascension.

O THOU eternal King most high, Who didst the world redeem; And conquering death and hell, receive A dignity supreme:

This day beheld thee through the skies
To thy bright throne ascend;
Thenceforth to reign in sovereign power,
And glory without end.

There, seated in thy majesty,
To thee submissive bow
The spacious earth, the highest heaven,
The depths of hell below.

With trembling there the angels see The chang'd estate of men; The flesh which sinn'd by Flesh redeem'd, And Man o'er seraphs reign.

There, waiting for thy faithful souls, Be thou to us, O Lord, Our peerless joy while here we stay, In heav'n our great reward.

13. Hymn for Pentecost.

Holy Spirit, Lord of light, From thy clear celestial height Thy pure beaming radiance give: Come, theu Father of the poor, Come with tressures which endure, Come, thou light of all that live.

Thou, of all consolers best,
Thou, the soul's delightful guest,
Dost refreshing peace bestow;
Thou in toil art comfort sweet,
Pleasant coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of wee.

Light immortal, Light divine, Visit thou these hearts of thine, And our inmost being fill; If thou take thy grace away, Nothing pure in man will stay— All his good is turn'd to ill.

Heal our wounds, out strength renew, On our dryness pour thy dew, Wash the stains of guilt away, Bend the stubborn heart and will, Melt the frozen, warm the chill, Guide the steps that go astray.

Thou on these who evermore
Thee confess and thee adore,
In thy sevenfold gifts descend;
Give them comfort when they die,
Give them life with thee on high,
Give them love which never end.

1-

14. Peast of Corpus Christi.

Sing, my tengue, the Saviour's glory, Of his flesh the mystery sing;



Of the blood, all price exceeding, Shed by our immortal King; Destin'd, for the world's redemption, From a noble womb to spring,

Of a pure and spotless Virgin Born for us en earth below, He, as man with man conversing, Stay'd the seeds of truth to sow; Then he clos'd in solemn order Wondrously his life of woe.

On the night of that last supper, Seated with his chosen band, He, the Paschal victim eating, First fulfils the law's command; Then, as food to all his brethren, Gives himself with his own hand.

Word made flesh, the bread of nature By his word to flesh he turns, Wine into his blood he changes: What though sense no change discerns? Only be the heart in earnest, Fath her lesson quickly learns.

Down in adoration falling,
Lo, the sacred Host we hall;
Lo, o'er ancient forms departing,
Newer rites of grace prevail;
Faith for all defects supplying,
Where the feeble senses fail.

To the everlasting Father, And the Son who reigns on high, With the Holy Ghost proceeding Forth from each eternally, Be salvation, honour, blessing, Might, and endless majesty.

15. Feast of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.

JESU, Creator of the world, Of all mankind Redeemer blest; True God of God, in whom we see The Father's image clear express'd;

Thee, Saviour, love alone constrain'd To make our mortal flesh thine own; And as a second Adam come, For the first Adam to atone.

That selfsame love which made the sky, Which made the sea, the stars, and earth, Took pity on our misery, And broke the bondage of our birth.

O Jesu, in thy heart divine
May that same love for ever glow;
For ever mercy to mankind
From that exhaustless fountain flow!

For this thy sacred heart was pierced, And both with blood and water ran; To cleanse us from the stains of guilt, And be the hope and strength of man.

To God the Father and the Son, All praise, and power, and glory be With thee, O holy Paraclete, Both now and through eternity.

HYMNS

APPROPRIATE TO THE

Seasts of Particular Saints.

16. Hail, holy Joseph, hail!
(St. Joseph, spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary,
March 19th.)

HATL, holy Joseph, hail! Chaste spouse of Mary, hail! Pure as the lily flower In Eden's peaceful vale.

Hail, holy Joseph, hail! Prince of the house of God! May his best graces be By thy sweet hands bestow'd.

Hail, holy Joseph, hail! Belov'd of angels, hail! Cheer thou the hearts that faint, And guide the steps that fail.

Hail, holy Joseph, hail! God's choice wert thou alone; To thee the Word made flesh Was subject as a Son.

CATHOLIC HYMMS.

O Christ's dear Mother, bless; And bless, ye Saints on high, All meek and simple souls That to Saint Joseph cry.

17. Feast of the Annunciation of the B. V. Mary.

(March 25th.)

WHAT mortal tongue can sing thy praise, Dear Mother of the Lord? To angels only it belongs, Thy glory to record.

Say, Mary, what sweet force was that Which from the Father's breast Drew forth his co-eternal Son, To be thy bosom's guest?

'Twas not thy guileless faith alone
That lifted thee so high;
'Twas not thy pure scraphic love,
Or peerless chastity.

But oh! it was thy lowliness,
Well pleasing to the Lord,
That made thee worthy to become
The mother of the Word.

O loftiest, whose humility
So sweet it was to see,
That God, forgetful of himself,
Abased himself to thee.



18. St. Aloysius.

(June 21st.)

DEAR Saint, who on thy natal day To Mary's tender care was given, And did beneath her gentle sway Almost unsinning pass to heav'n:

Sweet flower which lov'd to bloom unknown, A Saint 'mid worldly pomp and pride; Who at the footstep of a throne Knew nought but Jesus crucified:

Blest youth, who cast a crown away, To be with Christ despis'd and poor; Teach us to walk our humble way, Content, though little be our store.

May no repining fill our breast Amid the ills of poverty; Oh, make us feel that we are blest, To be thus poor with Christ and thee!

Teach us like thee to shrink from sin, Like thee to love sweet purity; That we from Mary's heart may win The love she once bestow'd on thee.

Thus safe beneath her gentle sway, Oh, may the grace to us be giv'n, To pass from earth some happy day, And join thee in the courts of heav'n.

19. St. Anne, Mother of the B. V. Mary.

(July 26th.)

SPOTLESS Anna, Juda's glory, Through the Church from east to west Every tongue proclaims thy praises, Holy Mary's mother blest !

Saintly kings and priestly sires Blended in thy sacred line: Thou in virtue all before thee Didst excel by grace divine.

Link'd in bonds of purest wedlock. Thine it was for us to bear, By the favour of high heaven. Our immortal Virgin star.

From thy stem in beauty budded Ancient Jesse's mystic rod : Earth from thee received the mother Of the eternal Son of God.

All the human race benighted In the depths of darkness lav. When in Anne it saw the dawning Of the long-expected day.

20. Feast of the Assumption of the B. V. Mary.

(August 15.)

SEE, to God's high temple above Mounts, amid angel hymns of love, The mystical ark of grace



See aloft on victory's throne, Blended in glory both Mother and Son, In one eternal embrace!

All the sorrows her bosom bore,

All her pains and afflictions sore,
At length supremely repaid;—
There she reigns on the cloudless height,

Only less than the Lord of light,
In hues immortal arrayed.

There she lives as a fount of grace, Ever flowing for Adam's race, And still for ever to flow; There, while ages on ages run,

Sweetly, sweetly, she pleads with her Son For us her children below. Lady, than all the heavens more high.

Lady, than all the neavens more high,
More than seraph in purity,
A glance of pity incline!
Teach us to feel, teach us to know,
Teach us in life and death to show

Teach us in life and death to shew What treasures of grace are thine.

21. The holy Angel Guardian.

KIND Angel guardian, thanks to thee For thy so watchful care of me; Oh, lead me still in ways of truth, Dear guide of childhood and of youth.

Kind Angel guardian, let my tears Implore thee too for riper years; Oh, keep me safe in wisdom's way, And bring me back if I should stray. When angry passions fill my soul, Subdue them to thy meek control; Through good and ill, oh, ever be A guice, a guard, a friend to me.

And when death's hand shall seal mine eyes, Oh, bear my spirit to the skies, And teach me there my voice to raise In hymns of never-ending praise.

22. Saint Teresa.

(October 15th.)

SWELT Saint, in thy young childhood's day The thought was in thy infant head, That it were sweet to die for Christ, And for the faith thy blood to shed.

But God decreed thee not to fall By sword of Paynim, Turk, or Moor; A living death of martyrdom His love reserv'd thee to endure.

Thy youthful follies oft deplor'd

To us have made thee still more dear;
Since we in them have come to know
Thy candour and thy truth sincere.

For when thy Lord, with sweet reproof, Had made to thee thine errors known, At once thy frank and loving heart Was wholly kept for him alone.

Oh, what a strange instructive scene Thy life thenceforth began to be! Now suffering dread unheard-of pain, Now lost in wondrous cestacy.



Now contemplating things divine, Beyond the power of man to tell; Now in appalling vision plung'd, Amid the hopeless cries of hell.

O sweet Teresa, now at last, Thy labours o'er and heaven won, Thou lovest God without restraint, And shinest brighter than the sun.

Ah, then, from thy fair throne above Obtain for us thy children here, To imitate thy childhood's love, In after life to persevere.

 Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the B. V. Mary. (December 8th.)

HAIL, Mary, only sinless child Of guilty Adam's fallen race: Conceiv'd all pure and undefil'd, Through thy dear Lord's preventing grace.

He would not have the blight of sin A moment rest thy soul upon; For pure without, and pure within, Must be the Mother of his Son.

No haughty fiend might boast that he One moment held thee in his snare, Who of the dread Divinity Wert destin'd for the Temple fair.

CATHOLIC HYMNS.

So thou wert sinless in thy birth, And sinless after as before; The only creature of this earth Whom sin no'er cast its shadow o'er.

O sweetest lily! all untorn, Though nurs'd the thorns of earth among, To thee we sigh, to thee we mourn, To thee we lift our suppliant song.

From Satan's snare preserve us free, And keep us safe from earthly stain, That in this world we pure may be, And in the next may see thee reign.



MATER ADMIRABILIS, ORA PRO NOBIH

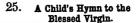




MATER ADMIRABILIS, ORA PRO NOBIN



Duringed by Google



MAIDEM Mother, meek and mild, Take, oh, take me for thy child. All my life, oh, let it be My best joy to think of thee.

When my eyes are clos'd in sleep Through the night my slumbers keep, Make my latest thought to be, How to love thy Son and thee.

Teach me when the sunbeam bright Calls me with its golden light, How my waking thoughts may be Turn'd to Jesus and to thee.

And, oh, teach me through the day Oft to raise my heart and say, "Maiden Mother, meek and mild, Guard, oh, guard thy little child!"

Thus, sweet Mother, day and night Thou shalt guide my steps aright; And my dying words shall be, "Virgin Mother, pray for me!"

26. Star of Jacob.

STAR of Jacob, ever beaming With a radiance all divine, Mid the stars of highest heaven Glows no purer ray than thine! All in stoles of snowy whiteness, Unto thee the angels sing; Unto thee the virgin choirs,— Mother of th' eternal King!

Joyful in thy path they scatter Roses white and lilies fair; Yet with thy celestial beauty Rose nor lily may compare.

Oh, that this low earth of ours, Answ'ring to th' angelic strain, With thy praises might re-echo, Till the heav'ns replied again.

27. Hail, thou Star of Ocean.

HAIL, thou Star of Ocean, Portal of the sky, Ever Virgin Mother Of the Lord most high!

Oh, by Gabriel's Ave, Utter'd long ago, Eva's name reversing, Stablish peace below.

Break the captive's fetters, Light on darkness pour; All our ills expelling, Every bliss implore.

Shew thyself a Mother, Offer him our sighs; Who for us incarnate Did not thee despise. Virgin of all virgins,
To thy shelter take us;
Gentlest of the gentle,
Chaste and gentle make us.

Still as on we journey,
Help our weak endeavour;
Till with thee and Jesus
We rejoice for ever.

Through the highest heaven, To the all-holy Three, Father, Son, and Spirit, One same glory be.

28. Gratitude for the early Knowledge of God.

Among the gifts thy hands bestow Each day and hour on me, 'Tis not the least, O Lord, to know That they all come from thee.

How joyfully each day I ought Thy precepts to fulfil, Since I have been so early taught To do thy gracious will!

I cannot tell thee what my heart Would have me say to thee, For having taught me what thou art, And what I ought to be. O Saviour blest and God ador'd, Still keep me in thy fear; And in my teachers' words, O Lord, May I thy voice revese.

29. Hymn to the Good Shepherd.

LOVING Shepherd of thy sheep, Keep thy lamb, in safety keep: Nothing can thy power withstand, None can pluck me from thy hand.

Loving Shepherd, thou didst give Thine own life that I might live; May I love thee day by day, Gladly thy sweet will obey.

Loving Shepherd, ever near, Teach thy lamb thy voice to hear; Suffer net my steps to stray From the straight and narrow way.

Where theu leadest may I ge, Walking in thy steps below; Then before thy Father's throne, Jesu, claim me for thine own.

30. Litany of the Birth of Jesus.

By the word to Mary giv'n, By thy first descent from heav'n, By thine infant form so fair, Trembling in the midnight air,— Chorus.

Babe of Bethlehem, hear our cry!

Thou wert helpless once as we;

Hear the loving Litany

We, thy children, sing to thee.

By thy poor and lowly lot,
By the manger and the grot,
By thy little feet and hands,
Folded fast in swaddling bands,
Babe of Bethlehem, &c.

By the worship shepherds paid, By the gifts that sages made, Gold and myrrh and incense sweet, Laid in homage at thy feet,— Babe of Bethlehem, &c.

By St. Joseph's thoughts amaz'd, When he first upon thee gaz'd, And his Lord and Maker saw Laid upon a bed of straw,— Babe of Bethlehem, &c.

And oh, more than all the rest, By the joy of Mary's breast When she, kneeling, first ador'd Thee, her child and yet her Lord,— Bate of Bethlehem, &c.

31. Litany of the Childhood of Jesus.

By the name which thou didst take,
Suffering early for our sake;
Name ador'd on bended knee,
Name of grace and majesty,—

Child of Mary, hear our cry!
Thou wert little once as we;
Hear the loving Litany
We, thy children, sing to thee.

By the joy of Simeon blest,
When he clasp'd thee to his breast;
By the widow'd Anna's song,
Pour'd amid the wondering throng,—
Child of Mary, &c.

By thine angel-bidden flight Into Egypt in the night; By thy home at Herod's death In despised Nazareth,— Child of Mary, &c.

By thy tender mother's fears, By her many sighs and tears, As she sought thee night and day, Turning back upon her way,— Child of Mary, &c.

By her wond'ring love and awe, In the Temple when she saw Thee, her child, so young and fair, Wiser than the wisest there,— Child of Mary, &c.

32. Litany of the Passion of Jesus. Br the blood that flow'd from thee In thy bitter agony, By the scourge so meekly borne, By thy purple robe of scorn,—

Chorus.

Jesu, Saviour, hear our cry! Thou wert suffering once as we; Hear the loving Litany We, thy children, sing to thee.

By the thorns that crown'd thy head, By thy sceptre of a reed. By thy footstep faint and slow, Weigh'd beneath thy cross of woe,— Jesu, Saviour, &c.

By the nails and pointed spear, By thy people's cruel jeer, By thy dying prayer which rose Begging mercy for thy foes,— Jesu, Saviour, &c.

By the darkness thick as night, Blotting out the sun from sight; By the cry with which in death Thou didst yield thy parting breath,— Jesu, Saviour, &c.

By thy weeping mother's woe, By the sword that pierc'd her through, When in anguish standing by, On the cross she saw thee die,—— Jesu. Saviour. &c.

33. Litany of the Resurrection of Jesus.

By the first bright Easter-day, When the stone was roll'd away;

CATHOLIC ETMES.

By the glory round thee shed At thy rising from the dead,—

Chorus.

King of glory, hear out cry!
Make us soon thy joys to see;
Hear the loving Litany
We, thy children, sing to thee.

By thy mother's fond embrace, By her joy to see thy face, When, all bright in radiant bloom, Thee she welcom'd from the tomb,— King of glory, &c.

By the joy of Magdalen,
When she saw thee once again,
And entranc'd in rapture sweet,
Knelt to kiss thy sacred feet,—
King of glory, &c.

By their joy who greeted thee 'Mid the hills of Galilee;
By thy keys of might divine,
Vested in St. Peter's line,—
King of glory, &c.

١.,

By thy parting blessing giv'n As thou didst ascend to heav'n; By the cloud of living light That receiv'd thee out of sight,— King of glory, &c.



34. May Jesus Christ be praised!
When morning gilds the skies,

My heart awaking cries, May Jesus Christ be prais'd! Alike at work and prayer, To Jesus I repair: May Jesus Christ be prais'd!

The sacred minster bell,
It peals o'er hill and dell:
May, &c.
Oh, hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May, &c.

When you begin the day, Oh, never iail to say, May, &c. And at your work rejoice To sing with heart and voice, May, &c.

Be this at meals your grace, In every time and place, May, &c. Be this, when day is past, Of all your thoughts the last, May, &c.

To God the Word on high
The hosts of angels cry,
May, &c.
Let children too upraise
Their voice in hymns of praise:
May, &c.

Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound:
May, &c.
Let air and sea and sky
Through depth and height reply,
May Jesus Christ be prais'd!

Divine Grace.

O Jusu! my beloved King, I give all thanks to thee, Who by thy cross hast merited Celestial grace for me.

In Adam rais'd to dignities
Transcendent and divine;
In Adam fallen from the bliss
That once in him was mine.—

That grace to which my native strength, Could never have attain'd, That grace, O my Incarnate God, In thee I have regain'd.

O gift of love! O gift immense! Surpassing nature's law; What force to will and to perform From this pure fount I draw.

By this how many passing acts, Which else had been in vain, Endued with meritorious power, A prise eternal gain! î

ì

By this to me is open'd wide, Through death's inviting door, A brighter world, a nobler realm Than Adam lest of yore.

O Jesu! on whose grace alone
I by thy grace depend,
Grant me the grace to persevere
In grace unto the end.

36. Mother of Mercy.

MOTHER of Mercy, day by day
My love of thee grows more and more;
Thy gifts are strown upon my way,
Like sands upon the great sea-shore.

Though poverty and work and woe The masters of my life may be; In darkest hours, who does not know That all is light with love of thee?

Ah, little know they of thy worth Who would thy love deny to me; For what did Jesus love on earth One-half so tenderly as thee?

Oh, gain me grace to love thee more; Thy Son will give if thou wilt plead: And, Mother, when life's cares are o'er, Oh, I shall love thee then indeed.

My Lord, when his three hours were run, Bequeath'd thee from the cross to me; And oh, how can I love thy Son, Sweet Mother, if I love not thee?

37. Faith of our Fathers.

FAITH of our fathers! Hving still, In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword; Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy Whene'er we hear that glorious word!

Chorus.

Faith of our fathers! holy Faith! We will be true to thee till death.

Our fathers chain'd in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they like them could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers! &c.

Faith of our fathers! Mary's prayers
Shall win our country back to thee
And through the truth that comes from God,
Oh, then indeed shall we be free.
Paith of our fathers! &c.

Faith of our fathers I we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.
Faith of our fathers I &c.

Faith of our fathers! guile and force
To do thee bitter wrong unite;
But England's saints shall fight for us,
And bring us back thy blessed light.
Faith of our fathers! &c.

Faith of our Fathers.

(For Ireland.)

FAITH of our fathers! living still, In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword; Oh, Ireland's hearts beat high with joy Whene'er they hear that glorious word.

Chorus.

Faith of our fathers! holy Faith! We will be true to thee till death!

Our fathers chain'd in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they like them could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers! &c.

Faith of our fathers! Mary's prayers
Shall keep our country fast to thee;
And through the truth that comes from God,
Oh, we shall prosper and be free.
Faith of our fathers! &c.

Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life,
Faith of our fathers! &c.

Faith of our fathers! guile and force
To do thee bitter wrong unite;
But Erin's saints shall fight for us,
And keep undimm'd thy blessed light.
Faith of our fathers | &c.

38. The last Farewell.

(A Hymn on Beath.)

Come, my soul, and let us dwell On each ling'ring last farewell, Which at no far distant day Thou perforce wilt have to pay To whatever here below Shall have made thy joy or woe.

Fare ye well.—I hear thee sigh— Fare ye well, O earth and sky! Morning's golden tissued ray, Changing hears of night and day, Wood and valley, sea and shere, I may see your face no more!

Fare ye well, affections vain, Full of pleasure, full of pain; Home and friends and kindred dear, All that was my comfort here; My poor eyes are closing fast, Now I look on you my last.

Dimmer, dimmer grows the light!
Now 'tis thick descending night!
Oh, when next again I see,
What a sight awaiteth me!
Speechles standing, all alone,
Right before the judgment throne.

39. Hymn before the Image of Mary.

Holy Queen, we bend before thee, Queen of purity divine; Make us love thee, we implore thee, Make us truly to be thine.

Unto thee a Child was given, Greater than the sous of men; Coming down from highest heaven, To create the world again.

Thou by faith the gates unfolding Of the kingdom in the skies, Hast to us, by faith beholding, Shewn the land of Paradise.

Thou, when deepest night infernal Had for ages shrouded man, Gavest us that light eternal Promis'd when the world began.

Teach, oh teach us, holy Mother, How to conquer every sin, How to love and help each other, How the prize of life to win.

Teach us how all earthly pleasures, All the world's enchanting bloom, Are outrivall'd by the treasures Of the glorious world to come.

Oh, by that Almighty Maker,
Whom thyself a virgin bore;
Oh, by thy supreme Creator,
Link'd with thee for evermore.—

By the hope thy name inspires, By our doom revers'd through thee, Bring us, Queen of angel choirs, To a blest eternity.

40. Divine Providence.

BEHOLD the lilies of the field,
They neither toil nor sow;
Yet God doth all things needful yield,
That they may bud and blow.

Not Solomon in glory shone
Like one of these poor flowers,
That look to God, and God alone,
For sunshine and for showers.

And does his mercy value less
The offspring of his grace?
And will a Father's love not bless
The child that seeks his face?

Oh, then away with fear and care For all that may betide: And turn to God in trustful pray'r, And in his love confide.

He is our Father, and he knows His earthly children's need; On all our daily wants and woes He looks with careful heed.

41. If e'er my heart in riper years.

Ir e'er my heart in riper years Shall beat with anguish, grief, or fears, My Jesus he will hear each moan, And gently say, "Thou'rt not alone." 1

Though fied were every earthly friend On whom I might or could depend; Though left by all, to all unknown, He still will say, "Thou'rt not alone."
Though cherish'd ones around me die, And sever'd be each earthly tie; I still may seek my Saviour's throne, And hear him say, "Thou'rt not alone."
Se too, when all my years are past, And life her race hath run at last, My God, thou wilt not me disown, To whom thou saidst, "Thou'rt not alone."

42. Hymn to Jesus in the Blessed

O JESU, it were surely sweet To sit and listen at thy feet, With those whe in thy life drew near Thy words of wondrous grace to hear.

And it were sweet to walk with thee Along the shores of Galilee; Or, safe embark'd in Peter's bost, O'er its blue waves with thee to float.

Yet sweeter far it is te pray Before thine altar night and day, And feel the love which bids thee lie Thus wrapt in heliest mystery.

Yes, Jesus! thou art hidden thus On this poor earth for love of us; And yet, upon thine altar-throne, Too oft we leave thee all alone. Ah, since it is thy chief delight To dwell with us both day and night, Sweet Jesus, make it ours to be Both night and day to stay with thee.

43. Hymn of Thanksgiving after Communion.

(I.)

What happiness can equal mine?
I've found the object of my love;
My Saviour and my Lord divine
Is come to me from heav'n above.
He makes my heart his own abode,
His flesh becomes my daily bread;
He pours ou me his healing blood,
And with his life my soul is fed.

My love is mine, and I am his; In me he dwells, in him I live: Where could I taste a purer bliss? What greater boon could Jesus give? O royal banquet! heav'nly feast! O flowing fount of life and grace! Where God the Giver, man the guest. Meet and unite in sweet embrace.

Dear Jesus, now my heart is thine,
Oh, may it never from thee fly
My God, be thou for ever mine,
And I thine own eternally.
No more, O Satan, thee I fear!
O world, thy charms I now despise!
For Christ himself is with me here,
My joy, my life, my paradise.

44. Hymn of Thanksgiving after Communion.

(11.)

An! what is this enchanting calm
Which thus with peace my bosom fills,
Which o'er my spirit pours a balm,
And through my inmost being thrills?

Is there some seraph hither sent,
Diffusing sweetness from his wings,
To steep my bosom in content
Unknown, unfelt, from earthly things?

No! something purer far must dwell Within this raptur'd soul of mine; Tis what no mortal tongue can tell, 'Tis more than heav'nly, 'tis divine.

My God! my Jesus! it is thou Art ravishing my heart with bliss; Thy presence is within me now: Ah! could I ask a boon like this?

Yes! stooping from thy throne above, Thou wilt not dwell from man apart; Thy dearest home becomes, through love, The tabernacle of my heart.

LONDON

PRINTED BY LEVEY, ROBSON, AND FRANKLIN, Great New Street and Petter Lane.

FIRST SERIES

OF

HYMNS AND SONGS

FOR THE USE OF

Catholic Schools and families, &c.

Complete in Three Parts, viz.

No. I. CATHOLIC HYMNS.

II. SACRED SONGS.

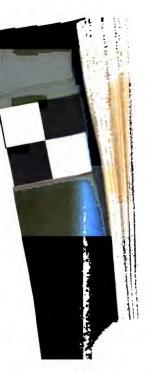
III. DESCRIPTIVE SONGS.



LONDON:

BURNS AND LAMBERT.

DUBLIN: J. DUFFY, 7 WELLINGTON QUAY.
DERBY: RICHARDSON AND SON.



N.B. The Music for the First Series may be had complete in One Volume quarto, containing Three separate Parts, price 6s. Gd.





ON VARIOUS SUBJECT
CONNECTED WITH THE HISTORY, DOCTRINES,
AND DEVOTIONS, ETC. OF THE
ROLL CATHOLIC CHURCH.



Mith Moodeuts.



BURNS AND LAMBERT.

DUBLIN: J. DUFFY, 7 WELLINGTON QUAY DERBY: RICHARDSON AND SON.

4 l

N.B. All the Songt of this Collection are Copyright.





Tomeso by Google

I. TABLE OF CONTENTS,

In Alphabetical Order, referring to the Title of each Piece.

			7/	res.
A Christmas song	••	8	ater M. J.	15
How seeting all my please Hymn to the Infant Jesu	ares se s asle	em &.	ister M J. Canoall.	27 88
I am made for God It is a joyful thing to die		8i	eter M. J.	35 84
Jesus walking upon the se			M'Cabe.	19
Life a flower of the field			A. T.	12
Oh, blessed is my baby bo	7		C. H.	22
St. Agnes St. Monica	••		Formby.	32 11
Suffer the little children	::		eter M. J.	7
The Angelus bells The Annunciation		••	C. M. C. M. W.	9
The Christian mother's cr		v.	77.	30 14
The Christmas-tree			M. T.	28
The evening is closing	••	••	M. L.	16
The Good Shepherd	٠	••	Camoull.	18
The landing of St. August The legend of the Infant J			L. F. M. L-v.	29 37
The little babe is dead	ceus,	esc.	C. M. C.	37 18
The little children	••	••	M. H.	20
The little mariners' hymn	to B.	V.M.	C. M. C.	8

		PA	PAGE		
The London watercress-girl		M. L-y.	25		
The passion-flower		M. B.	17		
The song of the Innocents, &c.		C. M. C.	24		
The story of the little web	••	L. F.	10		
The visit to the image of Mary	••	G. F.	26		
The voice of the flowers	••	Sister M. J.	23		
The wounded side of Jesus		M. B.	21		
There's not a leaf, &c	٠.	O.	36		

II. TABLE OF CONTENTS,

In Alphabetical Order, referring to the First Line of each Piece.

				1	FU.
A little boat with snow-white sail		••		2	
Before the winter's day ha	d day	wn'd		••	19
Come, children, all whose joy it is				••	29
Come let us here repose a	nd gs	E.	••		20
Dear Lord, who in thy lov	e so ;	great	••		17
Flower whose mystic beau	ıty, 8	c.	••		11
Hail, Mary! now the sun			••	••	8
How fleeting all my pleas			••	••	21
How poor and mean this l			••	••	9
Hush, my babe, lie still an	d slu	mber	••	••	8
I met the Good Shepherd,					7
It is a joyful thing to die	• •			• •	26

TABLE OF CONTENTS: 1	••		•
Oh, blessed is my buby boy			жо. 16
Sleep, Jesus, sleep!			30
Sporting through the forest wide	••	••	14
The day is o'er, the moon, &c			24
The evening is closing, &c	••	••	10
The heathen monarch sits enthron'd		••	23
The little babe is dead, it lies			13
The little church with flowers is strew	n		18
The sun had ris'n, the air was sweet	••		6
The sun that gives me heat and light	••		27
The waves are breaking snowy white			13
There is an everlasting home	••		15
There liv'd, as holy legends tell	••	••	4
There's not a leaf within the bower	••	••	28
To ancient Milan's city fair	••	• •	5
Twas on the night the Lord was born	••	••	22
When Jesus halted on his way			1
When Parene wand assinct the Con-	-	•••	98

The Music of the Songs in a quarto volume, price 2s.





SUPPER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME TO ME

Catholic

SACRED SONGS.

1. Suffer the little Children to come to Me.

When Jesus halted on his way, And many throng'd to see, Though some forbade, yet would he say, "Come, little ones, to me."

Oh, happy then that infant band That gather'd round his knee, And happy they who kiss'd the hand That bled to set them free.

Had I been near him on that day, His gracious smile to see; Had I been near to hear him say, "Come, little ones, to me;"—

Oh, what were then a throne above Or seraph's seat on high, Compar'd with one sweet glance of love From that all-pitying eye!

CATHOLIC

Yet, hast thou not, my Lord and God, Though on thy throne above, Still here on earth thy own abode, The Altar of thy love?

Oh, thither, then, let me repair, Thy gracious smile to see, And hear thee say in stillness there, "Come, little one, to me."

2. The Little Mariners' Hymn to the Blessed Virgin.

A LITLE boat with snow white sail
Is floating on the summer sea;
Oh, lightly moves it with the gale,
And all its crew are children three.
Kind Heaven, grant no harm betide
Their fragile bark when night falls dim;
And hark, the breeze bears far and wide
The little fishers' evening hymn.

"Poor fishermen, too weak are we To stem the rolling ocean's wave; And, Mary, we have turn'd to thee, A mother's gentle help to crave. Hail, Mary! star of ocean, hail! Oh, hear the hymn we sing to thee, The while we trim our shifting sail, And shape our course excess the sea,

Oh, deign our feeble toil to bless, And keep old Ocean calm the while;

SACRED SONGS.

9

Oh, grant us, Mary, good success, And make our home with plenty smile. Hail, &c.

Sweet Mother, light our outward track, Poor helpless little fishers three, And bring our boat in safety back, Across the wide and pathless sea. Hail, &c.

3. The Angelus Bells.
(A Song for Three Children.)
First Child. MORNING.

HAIL, Mary I now the sun is up;
All things around look glad and bright,
And heatherbell and buttercup
Shake off the dewdrops of the night.
The lamb are frisking in the fields,
The lark is singing in the sky;
And man his wakening tribute yields
To thee and thy sweet Son on high.

Second Child. Noon.

Hall, Mary! midway in the sky
The noontide sun its lustre sheds;
The field-flowers almost seem to die,
So low they hang their drooping heads.
The lambs have sought the woodland shade,
The lark has ceas'd his note of glee;
And pausing in the furrowd glade,
The ploughman lifts his hat to thee.

Third Child. EVENING.
Hail, Mary! now the sun is far
Adown his western path of light;

The flowers, beneath the evening star,
Drink up the dewdrops of the night.
The lambs are by their mothers laid,
The lark is brooding o'er its nest;
And when the evening prayer is made,
E'en busy man will be at rest.

4. The Story of the Little Web.

THERE liv'd, as holy legends tell,
A widow ag'd, infirm, and poor,
Who hardly earn'd her daily bread
By weaving at her cottage door.

And scanty is the meed that she Can for her toilsome work receive, For year by year, one little web Is all that she has strength to weave.

The year is past, the little web Lies stretch'd upon the cottage floor; And she, with hopeful trust and joy, Is musing on her promis'd store;

When fiercely to her lone abode
A troop of soldiers bursts its way,
And heedless of her prayers and tears,
Has borne the little web away.

To seek the holy Oswyn's tomb, With tott'ring step, behold her speed, And beg the sainted martyr's prayer May help her in her hour of need.

But vain were all her sighs and tears, No sign of peace St. Oswyn shews; All answerless she turns away, And full of sadness homeward goes. The morning dawns, a favouring breeze Bestirs the calm of Tynemouth Bay, And fills the vessel's swelling sails, That bears the little web away.

But ere the sun rose high in heav'n,
There thickens round a gathering storm,
And night-fall sees the winds and waves
Sweep o'er that vessel's shatter'd form.

The north wind drifts upon the shore
The corpses of the shipwreck'd crew;
The aged widow's awe-struck eyes
Her proud oppressor lifeless view.

And in his hand—oh, wondrous sight !— The little web uninjur'd lay, The same which he with cruel grasp But yester-eve had borne away

5. St. Monica.

To ancient Milan's city fair,
Where holy Ambrose dwelt,
A woman came in deepest wo,
And at his feet she knelt:

"Father, I weep both day and night, My very heart is riv'n, My unbelieving son is still By pride and passion driven.

He wanders to and fro on earth, His spirit seeking rest; And finding none, he drains a cup By God and man unblest. His voice, O Father, still upholds Each impious sect in turn, And men from his impassion'd words Pernicious errors learn."

"Rise, daughter, rise," the saint replied,
"Take courage from thy fears;
The child will not be lost for whom
A mother sheds such tears."

For Austin unbaptized it was That weeping mother pray'd, And on Saint Austin's breast at last Her dying head was laid.

6. Life a Flower of the Field.

THE sun had risen, the air was sweet,
And brightly shone the morning dew,
And cheerful sounds and busy feet
Pass'd the lone meadows through;
While rolling like a flowery sea,
In waves of gay and spiry bloom,

The hay-fields rippled merrily, in beauty and perfume.

I saw the early mowers pass
At morn along that pleasant dell,
And rank on rank the shining grass
Around them quickly fell.
I look'd, and far and wide at noon
The morning's fallen flowers were spread;
And all, as rose the evening moon,
Beneath the seythe were dead.

All flesh is grass, the Scriptures say,
And so through life's brief span we find;
Cut down as in a summer day
Are all of human kind.
Some, while the morning still is fair,
Will fall in youth's sweet op'ning prime;
The heat of mid-day some will bear,
But all lie low in time.

O mournful thought! ah, how to me
It breathes a solemn warning tale!
I soon a broken stem shall be,
Like those that strew the vale.
At early dawn or closing light
The silent hand of death may fall:
Oh, may I learn this lesson right,
So full of truth for all!

>

2-

7. The Good Shepherd.

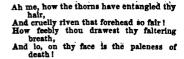
I MET the Good Shepherd but now on the plain,

As homeward he carried his lost one again: I marvell'd how gently his burden he bore, And as he pass'd by me I knelt to adore.

Oh, Shepherd, Good Shepherd, thy wounds they are deep, The wolves have sore hurt thee in saving

The wolves have sore hurt thee in saving thy sheep;

Thy raiment all over with crimson is dyed, And what is this rent they have made in thy side?



Oh, Shepherd, Good Shepherd, and is it for me
Such grievous affliction hath fallen on thee?
Oh, then let me strive, for the love thou
hast borne,
To give thee no longer occasion to mourn.

8. The Christian Mother's Cradle Hymn.

Huse, my babe, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.
How much better thou'rt attended
Than thy Saviour chose to be,
When from heaven he descended
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle, Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay; For his birth-place was a stable, And his softest bed was hay. Was there nothing but a manger Hapless sinners could afford, To receive the heavenly stranger, Their Redeemer and their Lord?

See, the humble shepherds round him Gaze with mingled love and fear; Where they sought him, there they found

With his virgin Mother near, Lo, he slumbers in his manger, Where the horned oxen feed; Peace, my darling, here's no danger, Here no ox is near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
From the ever-burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That this holy Infant came.
May'st thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days,
Then to dwell for ever near him,
See his face, and sing his praise.

9. A Christmas Song.

How poor and mean this little bed On which my Saviour lies! Yet did he the vast ocean spread, And paint the fair blue skies.

Ah, then how sweet shall be to me The lot my Lord did share, And dearer far his poverty Than treasures rich and rare! How helpless seems this Infant God, How weak his little form! Yet nature trembles at his nod, He rules the wintry storm.

When I am helpless, weak, or low, I will not grieve or sigh, For I will think my Lord was so, Though he was God most high.

Oh, let me love the paths he trod, And strive like him to be; Since he, although my Lord and God, Has lov'd to be like me.

10. The Evening is closing.

THE evening is closing: the branches among

among
The little birds nestling, have finish'd their

The mother bird's wings o'er her young ones are spread,

And the stars, one by one, now peep out overhead.

Oh, the foxes have holes, and each bird has its nest.

But I know of One who found nowhere to rest;
A stranger he walk'd through the world he

had made,

And found not a place where to pillow his

And found not a place where to pillow his head.

It was thou, who to set thy lost little ones free, Endured'st, dear Lord, thy sad death on the tree. Unnotic'd by thee not a sparrow may fall, And thy Cross is the shadow encompassing all.

O Jesu, 'mid darkness I know thou art near, Thine arm is around me, no evil I fear; Thou, Lord, while I sleep keepest watch over me, And when I wake up I am present with thee.

Thy mercies each morning and evening are new,
and so should my song of thanksgiving be
too;
but ob, 'tis thy grace that alone can impart
A grateful, a loving, a sanctified heart.

11. The Passion Flower.

FLOWER, whose mystic beauty tells of One
Who died for me,
Of earth's blooming children there are none
I love like thee.
Picture thou of Christ's most blessed cross
To gentle, faithful eyes,
Pointing brightly from a world of dross
To yonder skies.

There sweet Jesus reigns, and angels fair
His throne surround;
Blessed saints who bore his cross are there,
With glory crown'd.
Then, my soul, be thou in every hour
To God thy Saviour given,
And be now on earth a Passion-flower,

12. The Little Babe is dead.

To bloom in heaven.

(A dialogue between a mother and child.)

Child.

The little babe is dead, it lies
Its coffin small within,
And clos'd are both its pretty eyes,
And waxen white its skin.
Ah, where is now the thing that play'd
Like light around its face,
Which all its infant movements made
So full of life and grace?

And can this be the merry child
That was so fond of me,
Who never saw me but he smil'd
And clapp'd his hands in glee?
It seems, and yet it seems not him;
'Tis like him and 'tis not:
Oh, what has made his look so dim,
Or can lawe forgot?

Mother.

No, darling, thou hast not forgot;

Our own sweet babe we see:

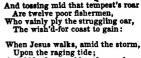
It is both like him and 'tis not,
And yet indeed 'tis he.
The thing that fill'd his eyes with light,
And there divinely glow'd,
That thing it was the spirit bright,
And now it lives with God.

Then think how fair that soul must be Which gives such grace to clay; And think how too there glows in thee The same celestial ray.
All beaming like a seraph bright, It lives thy breast within, And nought can quench that spirit's light Except the breath of sin.

Oh, would'st thou then undimm'd maintain
The lustre of the soul,
Each evil thought thou must restrain,
Each sinful wish control.
And be it now thine anxious care,
As then thy joy 'twill be,
To give it back to God as fair
As when he gave it thee.

13. Jesus walking upon the Sea.

THE waves are breaking snowy white On the lake of Galilee, The howling wind throughout the night Upheaves the raging sea.



Upon the raging tide;
And bids the tremblers fear no harm,
And bids the storm subside.

O Jesu, when my soul is toss'd On wild temptation's wave, When confidence and hope are lost, Be thou at hand to save.

Amid my darkness, grief, and pain, Come, Jesu, then to me; As erst to those poor fishermen On the lake of Galilee.

14. The Little Children.

SPORTING through the forest wide, Playing by the water-side, Wand'ring o'er the heathy fells, Down within the woodland dells, 'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean, Little children may be seen; Like the flowers that spring up fair, Bright, and countless everywhere.

In the far isles of the main, In the desert's lone domain, In the rugged mountain glen 'Mid the tribes of savage men,



Wheresoe'er a foot hath gone, Wheresoe'er the sun hath shone O'er a league of peopled ground, Little children may be found.

Little children, not alone
On the wide earth are ye known,
'Mid its labours, 'mid its cares,
'Mid its sufferings, 'mid its enares;
'Mide its sufferings, 'mid its snares;
Where no sinful thing hath trod,
In the presence of your God,
Spotless, blameless, glorified,
Little children, ye abide.

15. The wounded Side of Jesus.

THERE is an everlasting home
Where contrite souls may hide,
Where death and danger dare not come—
The Saviour's side!
It was a cleft of matchless love
Open'd when he had died,
When mercy hail'd in worlds above—
That wounded side.

Hail! Rock of ages, pierc'd for me,
The grave of all my pride;
Hope, peace, and heav'n are all in thee,
Thy shelt'ring side.
Thence issued forth a double flood,
The sin-atoning tide,
In streams of water and of blood,
From that dear side.



Hail, only living Fount of bliss, In joy and sorrow tried. No refuge for the heart like this. Thou spear-pierc'd side! Hail, thou the golden gate of heaven! The entrance for the bride. From whence the crown of life is giv'n. Sweet Jesu's side!

16. Oh, blessed is my Baby Boy.

(The Christian Mother.)

"On, blessed is my baby boy!" Thus spoke a mother to her child, And kiss'd him with excess of joy : He look'd into her face and smil'd. But as the mother breath'd his name. The fervent prayer was scarcely said. Convulsions shook his infant frame-The mother's only hope was dead!

Yet still her fervent trust she kept In Him who changes grief to joy; And still she whisper'd as she wept, "Oh, blessed is my baby boy. Oh, blessed is my baby boy, And sweet the hope when life is o'er Again to see, in endless joy, His darling face, and part no more!"

17. The Voice of the Flowers.

DEAR Lord, who in thy love so great Didst frame this world of ours, And its fair robe of green create, All bright with blooming flowers: By thy sweet will, o'er hill and dale, Each plant and leafy tree Bearers of a welcome tale, That speaks to us of thee.

The little snowdrop's hardy birth
Amid the winter's snow,
Thine infant days on this rude earth
In Bethl'hem's cave doth shew.
In the fait lily's spotless white
Thy virgin life we see;
Oh, make it, Lord, our fond delight
Thus to resemble thee.

As day by day the budding rose
Unveils its blushing hue,
So doth thy tender love disclose
A beauty ever new.
And e'en the violet of the dell
Has its own word of thee,
Delighting evermore to tell
Of thy humility.

Thus not a plant that scents the gale, Or blossom on the tree, But tells its own instructive tale, O loving Lord, of thee.

Nor these alone, but all we see Around us and above Extol thy grace and majesty, And speak thy boundless love.

18. The Song of the Innocents of Bethlehem.

THE little church with flowers is strown,
The lights are gleaming bright,
For Jesus from his altar-throne
His blessing gives to-night.
Methinks before that altar fair
An infant band I see,
And childlike voices fill the air
Which sing these words to me:

"We are the little ones who died For Bethlehem's Infant slain; Cut down through cruel Herod's pride, That he in peace might reign. But now we sing a cherub band Before the Christ Child bright; With palm and lily in each hand, And robes of glistening white.

Then, little children, fear ye not
To join our joyous strain,
And sing the Lamb without a spot
On Calvary's mountain slain.
For though your home is on the earth,
And ours in heaven above,
Yet are we one by human birth,
And one in Christ's dear love.

And though our eyes are ever blest
His face unveil'd to see,
He comes to you a hidden guest,
To make you blest as we.
Then, little children, fear ye not
To join our joyous strain;
And sing the Lamb without a spot
On Calvary's mountain slain.*

19. The London Watercress Girl.

BRFORE the winter's day had dawn'd,
When London streets were still,
And through the close-shut window-frame
The morning air came chill,
A barefoot child pase'd down the street,
With cresses on her head;
And as her mother paus'd to kneel,
With wond'ring look she said:

"O mother! will you tell me why,
When we pass by this way,
You fold your hands and bend the knee
As if you stopp'd to pray?
The street is still,—except ourselves
No creature can I see;
And surely to these empty walls
You would not bend the knee?"

"These are no empty walls, my child,"
That mother made reply;
"The temple of the Lord of hosts
We now are passing by.

I cannot see him, but I know That angels kneel and gaze Around the altar, where for us In patient love he stays.

Great Lord, what wondrous love was thine
To choose this poor abode!
Ah, dearest child—believe it well,—
This church contains our God."
Then child and mother bow'd again
In that cold silent street,
And went once more upon their way
With shoeless, shiv'ring feet.

20. The Visit to the Image of Mary.

Come let us here repose, and gaze
On Mary's face awhile;
We wander to and fro all day,
And now we want her smile.
The godless look of things without,
Oh, how it drives us here,
To prize with grateful hearts the bliss
Of finding Mary near!

The very walls we pass each day
Cry out their impious tale;
And blasphemies are heard that make
The stoutest spirit quall.
Oh, leave we, then, the crowded streets,
Their noise and dust and glare;
We've thought and talk'd and sinn'd since

morn, We need a moment's prayer. A prayer breath'd forth will calm the soul; Faith lifts the vell, and we, Children of Mary, see her star Shine o'er the restless soa.
We gaze with faith's rejoicing eye
On what seemed dark erewhile;
Then to the world and home we bear
The brightness of her smile.

21. How fleeting all my pleasures seem!

How feeting all my pleasures seem!
No joy in them I find;
They pass like morning's early beam,
And leave no trace behind.
That lily nurs'd with fond delight,
So fragrant and so fair,
Struck down, alas! by sudden blight,
It dies, despite my care.

And all the bright and sunny flowers
I've watch'd from day to day,
They bloom their few short summer hours,
And then they fade away.
Yet, as they fade and disappear,
Methinks I hear them cry,
"Dear little friend, so young and fair,
Remember you must die,"

Ah, yes! and may I on that day,
When Jesus calls me hence,
Like my fair lily, pass away
In spotless innocence.



And like the rose whose sweets outlive
Its gay and fleeting bloom,
May I fair virtue's odour give
E'en from the silent tomb.

22. The Christmas Tree.

(From the German.)

'Twas on the night the Lord was born, When through the festive town A stranger child, and all forlorn, Went wandering up and down.

At every house he stopp'd to gaze, Where, hung with stars of light, The Christmas-tree shot forth its rays Through many a window bright.

Then wept the child, "Alas for me, Here wandering all alone! To-night all have their Christmas-tree, But I—poor I—have none!

I too have play'd round such at home, With sisters hand in hand; And now a stranger child I roam, Unpitied in the land.

"No loving smile awaits me new,
O holy Christ and dear;
Except thou love me, only thou,
I am forgotten here."

He spoke, when lo, with wand of light And voice how heavenly sweet, Another child, all rob'd in white, Came gliding up the street. "The holy Christ," he said, "am I, A child the same as thee; If all forget and pass thee by, Thou'rt not forgot by me.

And I myself for thee will raise
A tree so full of light,
That those in yonder halls which blaze
Shall seem to fade from sight.

While yet he speaks, from earth to sky A golden tree had sprung, With stars in clust'ring radiancy Amid its branches hung.

How near and yet how far it seem'd, How bath'd in floods of light; The child stood near and thought he dream'd, It look'd so wondrous bright.

He thought he dream'd, while from above The angels o'er him smil'd, And gently stretched their arms in love Towards the stranger child.

They lift, they bear him from the ground, Up through the shining space; And now the outcast one has found With Christ his resting-place.

23. The Landing of St. Augustine in Britain.

THE heathen monarch sits enthron'd In all his pomp and pride, With twice ten thousand men at arms Assembled at his side. He greets the band of holy men Who march in pain and toil, To plant the banner of the Cross In Britain's sea-girt isle.

Not in the strength of man they come, No human arms they bear; Their armour is the shield of faith, Their weapons fast and prayer.

To Faith's good fight in holy trust, In courage calm and high, Their fearless leader guides them on, To conquer or to die,

They come, and soon the heathen gods Before them prostrate fall, As erst of old to trumpet's clang Fell down a city's wall.

O blessed day, whose light illumes
The present and the past;
Thy fire of faith must still burn on,
As long as time shall last:—

Though faint and feeble now perchance, Yet still a deathless fiame; And ages yet use.orn shall learn To bless Augustine's name.

24. The Annunciation.

THE day is o'er, the moon serency beaming, In silver light hath field and forest dreat: A thousand twinkling stars are gently gleaming,
The world is hush'd, and all is laid to rest.

Save one, who wakeful in her lonely dwelling, Of Juda born, a stem of Jesse's rod.

A virgin pure, all others far excelling,
Uplifts her heart in tranquil prayer to God.

The while she prays, behold the silence broken,

She starts, a look of fear o'erspreads her face;

She hears, till then to mortal ears unspoken, Those words of love, "Hail, Lady, full of grace!

Fear not, the Lord is with thee; thou art chosen

The Virgin Mother of thy God to be; And many a heart in sin and guilt now fro-

Shall melt beneath the sunbeam born of thee."

O Spouse of God, O Queen of earth and heaven,

O holy Mother of the Incarnate Word, In meekest accents is thine answer given, "Behold the willing handmaid of the Lord."



25. St. Agnes.

WHEE Pagans warr'd against the Cross, And rudely braved the Saviour's power, Array'd in smiling innocence, There bloom'd in Rome a lily flower.

With fair round cheek and laughing eye, In artless sweet simplicity, Along the crowded streets of Rome See little Agnes passes by.

And round her is a merry troop Of schoolmates gay, returning home Ah, little know those guileless hearts How soon an evil day may come!

How soon that Saviour's name of love, So sweet to their young infancy, May claim of them their heart's best blood, In throes of mortal agony.

For oft as through the busy street Sweet Agnes pass'd in maiden pride, A noble youth observ'd the child, And sought to gain her for his bride.

Ah, reckless suitor, wouldst thou seize A gem that not to thee is giv'n; So sweet a flower blooms not for earth, It ripens for its home in heaven.

Ah, canst thou think the tribunes' hall, The lictor's axe, the torturer's art, The gloating crowd,—that these are things To win a gentle maiden's heart? The prætor speaks, the doom is giv'n,—
Of maiden honour what reck they?
The gentle Agnes forth is led
To the dread place of infamy.

Yet, ruthless spoiler, come not nigh, An eye unseen is watching here; Beware yon angel's outstretch'd arm, With sword of vengeance glistening near.

Hush'd is the crowd, in still suspense They gaze, they strain their eager eyes, The hour is come—the axe has gleam'd, The snow-white lily falls and dies.

Yet, ere the veil of sense is rent, And ere life's blood has ceas'd to flow, A vision sweet of heavenly joy Is sent to soothe the suff'rer's wo.

A bright and feative angel band Has watch'd the dying maiden's love, And gently bear her in their arms To blissful seats of light above.

Then, sweetest Agnes, now in bliss, Look down and hear thy children's prayer From heaven above, oh, shew to us A mother's love, a sister's care.

And ask, O gentle Patroness,
That all the youthful company
Of those who love thee here below
May find their home in heaven with thee.

26. It is a joyful thing to die.
(A dialogue between two children.)

Brother.

Ir is a joyful thing to die;
For though this world is fair,
I dream I see a loveller one,
And fancy I am there.
Methinks that I am borne away
As soon as I have died;
And wander round a pleasant place,
With an angel by my side.

To that bright world I long to go, I would not linger here. Except for gentle mother's sake, And yours, my sister dear. But when I read my book to her, And when I play with you, I quite forget that glorious land, And blessed Angel too.

Yet oft, when I am wearied grown Of reading and of play, These pleasant dreams come back again . And steal my heart away. And then again I seem to wish, That mother, you, and I Could shut our eyes upon the world, And all together die.

Sister.

Ah, brother! if indeed it be That heaven is so fair. If it be such a pleasant place,
Oh, let us hasten there!
Our mother wept when father died
Until her eyes were dim,
And oft I think she longs to go
And be at rest with him,

Moral.

Ah, children dear! you speak a truth
Whose depth you little ace;
Most blest it is to pass from hence
In infant purity.
Yet blest are also they who live
Through years of good and ill,
To serve their Lord, and day by day
To do his holy will.

27. I am made for God.

THE sun that gives me heat and light, The moon that cheers the gloom of night; The stars that sparkle in the sky, Like friendly eves that watch on high;

The boundless sea, the spacjous land, Whate'er is great, or rich, or grand;— All these, and more than eye can see, The Lord has made for love of me.

And he has made these works divine, To win this wayward heart of mine; To make me do his blessed will, And daily love him better still.





Yet, Lord, my heart's best love is giv'n Not for these works of earth and heav'n; For morning's incense-breathing air, Or evening's charms however fair:

No! may thy holy name be blest For this one gift above the rest,— That having made all things for me, Thou, Lord, hast made myself for thee.

28. There's not a Leaf within the Bower.

THERE'S not a leaf within the bower, There's not a bird upon the tree, There's not a dewdrop on the flower, But bears an impress, Lord, of thee.

Thy hand the varied leaf design'd,
And gave the bird its thrilling tone,
Thy power the dewdrop's tints combin'd
Till with the diamond's blaze they shone.

Thus dewdrops, leaves, and birds, and all, The greatest as the smallest things, The starry skies, the earth's round ball, Alike proclaim thee King of kings.

But man alone to bounteous heav'n
The strains of grateful love can raise,
To man alone the grace is giv'n
To join the angelic choirs in praise.

29. The Legend of the Infant Jesus serving at Mass.

COME, children, all whose joy it is To serve at Holy Mass, And hear what once in days of faith In England came to pass.

It chanc'd a priest was journeying Through wildering ways of wood; And there, where few came passing by, A lonely chapel stood.

He stay'd his feet, that pilgrim priest, His morning Mass to say, And put the sacred vestments on That near the altar lay.

But who shall serve the Holy Mass, For all is silent there? He kneels him down, and patient waits The peasant's hour of prayer.

When lo! a child of wondrous grace Before the altar steals, And down beside that lowly priest In infant beauty kneels.

He serves the Mass; his voice is sweet, Like distant music low; With downcast eye, and ready hand, And footfull hush'd and slow.



" Et Verbum caro factum est," He lingers till he hears: Then turning to the Virgin's shrine. In glory disappears.

CATHOLIC

So round the altar, children dear, Press gladly in God's name. For once to serve at Holy Mass The infant Jesus came.

30. Hymn to the Infant Jesus asleep in the arms of Mary.

SLEEP, Jesus, sleep, Upon thy Mother's breast; Great Lord of earth and sea and sky. How sweet it is to see thee lie In such a place of rest!

Sleep, Jesus, sleep: While I with Mary gaze In joy upon that face awhile. Upon the loving infant smile Which there divinely plays.

Sleep, Jesus, sleep; Oh, take thy brief repose: Too quickly will thy slumbers break, And thou to lengthen'd pains awake, Which death alone shall close.

> Then must those hands Which now so small I see,

Those little pearly feet of thine, So soft, so delicately fine, Be pierced and rent for me?

Then must that brow
Its thorny crown receive;
That cheek, more lovely than the rose,
Be drench'd with blood and marr'd with
blows,
That I thereby may live?

O Mary blest, Sweet Virgin, hear my cry; Forgive the wrong that I have done To thee, in causing thy dear Son Upon the cross to die.

THE END.



LONDON: PRINTED BY LEVBY, ROBSON, AND FRANKLYN, Great New Street and Fetter Lane.

SCHOOL SONGS

AND

Poetrn,

TO WHICH

MUSIC IS ADAPTED.

PART III.

DESCRIPTIVE AND AMUSING PIECES ON GENERAL SUBJECTS,

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS, ETC.

LONDON:
BURNS AND LAMBERT,
17 PORTMAN STREET.



School Songs and Poetry,

To which Music is adapted.

IN PREPARATION,
PART I.

Sacred Series.

ON SUBJECTS SACRED, MORAL, AND ECCLESIASTICAL.

NOTICE.

PART III. of "School Songs and Poetry" forms a continuation of the Juvenile Series, Part II., suited to more general use. It contains a collection of school poetry adapted either for general purposes as a reading book, or for recitation and singing. For this latter purpose the pieces are connected with appropriate airs, published separately under the title of the "Young Singer's Book of Songs," where they are arranged, with the words, for the voice and the pianoforte (Burns and Lambert).

The introduction, admitted on all hands to be so desirable, of the recreation of singing into the school-room, often meets with an impediment, in the difficulty of commanding at all times the services of a competent music-master. The airs, however, to which the songs in this collection are adapted in the "Young Singer's Book of Songs" are for the most part so easy and

singable, that in the absence of the music lesson, where the managers of a school could procure even the occasional visits of any person with a voice competent to sing them to the children in the schoolroom, there are few children in a school who would not rapidly pick up the airs from imitation. On this plan, if those of the children who had the readiest natural ear and voice for a tune were allowed to learn the air by themselves first, the practice of singing might afterwards from them. rapidly spread throughout the school, to an extent quite sufficient for the purposes of recreation. Even where there is a music lesson in the school conducted by a professional person, it may often be prudent to take special care that the design of school-singing, which is to promote a spirit of healthy social cheerfulness and animation, is not overlooked in the desire to produce a few skilful pupils.

H. F.

LIST OF CONTENTS,

With the Titles of the Pieces alphabetically arranged,

					PAGE
A-hunting we will	go	••	••	••	30
A narrow brooklet	•••	••	••	••	59
Ariel's song	••	••	••	••	53
Begone dull care By the side of a mu					71
By the side of a mu	rmuri	ng str	THE ST		41
Blegy on the death					31
God save the Quee				•••	78
		••	••	••	
Invitation to the b	irds	••	••	••	54
John Barleycorn		••	••		81
Little flutt'rer, swi	ftly fly	ing			50
Lucy Gray			::	::	26
Morning, noon, and					62
			••	••	
Oh, call my brothe	r		••	••	28
Old King Cole	••	••	••	••	56
The African travel	ler's re	ceptio	m	••	44
The bes	••	••	••	••	64
The beggar girl	••	••	••	••	15
The beggar man	••	• •	••	••	39
The bird caught at	sea.	••	••	••	23
The butterfly's bal		••	••	••	17
The captive lark The child's wish	••	••	••	••	33
The church bells	••	••	••	••	52
The contented blin	d have	••	••	••	50
The convent bell	a boy	::	••	••	52
The cork leg	••	::	•••	••	67
The cricket	•••	••	•••	::	16
The cuckoo	•••	••	••	••	31
The cuckoo		•••	::	::	54
Mh a cruckes	•••	••	••	••	

			TS.	ONTEN	IST OF C	L	, vi	?	1	HEL			
10			••		,.	laisy	The		1	11			
36	••		••	ark.	from the a	love sent i	The	1 .		F4: .			
26	••		••	••	he candle	dy about t	The		- 3	B2(
42	••		••	••		fox and th				E-45			
6	••		••	••		fox and th			- 1	3.5			
23	••		••	••		fox and th		# T		11			
16	••		••		e grapes	fox and th	The			1 1			
44	••		••	glove	nd the fox	harebell a	The		. 1				
12	••		••	··	lassie	Highland		11					
11	••		••	••		hive bee		1 f	1 :	1.4		1	
51	••		••	••		humming-		8.1		111			
25	••		••	dog	er and his	Irish harp	The	81.	1: 1	1.2		1	1
20	••		••		dlar boy	Italian pe	The	8 11	1 .	9 8 1			
9	••		••	••		lady-bird	The				- 1		
48	••		••		f summer	last rose o	The		1	5			
59	••		••	er	erfly-catch	little butt	The			1 2			
20			••			mouse's p						l l	
58	• •			••	ie	nightinga	The		1: 1				
68			••	•••		orphan be						l l	
37				••		sea-side		•					
14					s song	shepherd'	The	1115	11. 1		_		
2	••				e cormora	song of th	The	3					
46					e foxes	song of th	The	1 . 1	11.				
3			::		the fly	spider and	The	7	1: 1	-			
61					flight	swallow's	The	1					
36	••		::	::		thrush	The			-			
î	••		::	::		traveller's			1				
7	::		::	::		washing-d				-			
. 4	::		::	00 80110	er's evenir	wood-cutt	The		11111				
7	::		::		fox	norrow the	To.	1	1111	-			
	••		•••										
2	••		••	mnner	have for d	t susti Me	WA	ż	1				
owitt	м. Н Н. 1	y M ans,	n by	ne Songs Mrs. He	rords of th Caswall, I yright.	B.—The w Bev. Ed. rs, are cop	the	Section of the sectio					
								1					
i	Ĥ	Ans,	ma:	Mrs. He	Caswall, 1	Bev. Ed.	the	100000000000000000000000000000000000000					

ALPHABETICAL INDEX,

Referring to the First Line of each Piece.

					1	io
Ah, pity, kind ladie	s	••	••	••	••	ы
A hungry fox		• •	••	••	••	_ 5
A narrow brooklet	••	••	••	••	••	54
Around the fire	••	••	••	••	••	3(
By the side of a mu	rmurit	g stre	am	••		3
Child of patient ind						4
Come take up your	hata (Butter	dy's	Ball)		1
Par, far o'er hill and			-			4
Floating, flying, swi	mmin	•	••	::	::	-
From the fair Sardi	nian s	ore	•••	•••	•••	ĩ
			••	•••	•••	22
Go, beautiful and go	enrie a	OAE	••	••	••	6
God save the Queen Good Mistress Goo		••	••	••	••	16
Good people all		••	::	••	••	ï
	••	••	••	••	•••	
Hail, beauteous str	anger	••	••	••	••	4
Ho, brother Fox	••	••	••	••	••	3
How void of care	••	••	••	••	••	
wish I were a little	le bird		••	••	••	4
n a dairy one day		••	••		• •	54
in a valley obscure	••	••	••	••	••	3
Little flutt'rer, swift	tly fivi	ng		••		44
Little guest with m	erry ti	rost			••	2
My banks they are						-
		•••	••	••	••	_
No mate, no comra Now the sun is in the	ae Luc	y kne	w	••	••	15
Now the sun is in the			• • •	••	••	4
				••	••	5.
Oh, call my brother	pack	egain		••		20
Dh, hear a tremblin	g pris	oner's	pray	er	••	2
) lady bird	••	••	••			1



viii	ALPHAI	BETIC	AL II	DEX	•		
Old Kin On the Over th	what is that ag Cole green banks e mountains	of Shi	nnon	••	::	::	1
Chi	from the irch Bells) little feather				r (T)	he 	1
Swallov Sweet b	v that on rap oird, enchant ab'rer mid th o the early v	id win ress ie sum	mer's,	åc.	::	::	4
Tis me The bee The due The fiv	rry morn (T is humming ky night rid about the ca	he Cap es dov ndle g	n the	sky	::	::	2
The fox The hus The las The lou	and the cat mming-bird t rose of sum d wind roare	as the mer	y trave	elled,		::	3 4 3 3
There w	ent three kir row the fox n a chill, &c.	ngs (J	ohn B	arleyc	orn)	::	5
Will you	e red and ro u walk into r erry blue eye nall we have	ny pan s	lour	:: ::	::·	::	2
When fi When in Where t	rst I went a my sweet c he bee sucks	little 1 hildho	miss	···	:: ::	::	5
Ye gent You all.	le warblers no doubt	::	::	··		••	

N.B.—The numbers here referred to also correspond with the numbers of the tunes in the Young Singer's Book of Songs.

PART III.

ON GENERAL SUBJECTS.

The Lady-bird.

O LADY-BIRD, Lady-bird, fly away home! The squirrel and field-mouse have gone to their nest;

The daisies have shut up their sleepy red

The bees and the insects and birds are

O Lady-bird, Lady-bird, fly away home! The glow-worm is lighting his glittering lamp:

The dew's falling fast, and your fine speckled wings

Will be moisten'd and wet with the closeclinging damp.

O Lady-bird, Lady-bird, fly away home! The sweet little fairy bells tinkle afar;

Make haste, or they'll catch you and harness you fast With a gossamer cobweb to Oberon's car.

The Cricket.

LITTLE guest with merry throat, Chirping by the taper light, Come, prolong thy blithesome note, Welcome songster of the night.

Here enjoy a calm retreat, In my chimney safely dwell; No rude hand thy haunt shall beat, Or chase thee from thy lonely cell.

Come, recount me all thy woes, While around us sighs the gale; Or, rejoiced to find repose, Charm me with a merry tale.

The Daisy.

THERE is a flow'r, a little flow'r,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes ev'ry passing hour,
And weathers ev'ry changeful sky.
The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine;
Race after race their honours yield.
They bloom their day, and then decline.

The purple heath, and golden broom,
On moory mountains eatch the gale;
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The humble violet in the vale;
But this bold flowerst climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
And peeps around the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round, It shares the sweet carnation's bed; And blooms on consecrated ground, In honour of the silent dead. The lambkin crops its crimson gem, The wild bee murmurs on its breast, The blue fly bends its pensile stem Light o'er the skylark's hidden nest.

In every elime, in every place,
In every season, fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And sweetly blossome every where.
On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The Rose has but a summer reign,
The modest Daisy never dles.
MONTGOMERY.

4. The Hive-Bee.

CHILD of patient industry, Little active busy Bee: For thou art out at early morn, Just as op'ning flowers are born,

Thou on eager wing art flown,
Where the thyme grows on the down;
Or, where the cowslips hang their heads,
In the groen and grassy meads.

Or to revel 'mid the broom, Or the clover's crimson bloom; Or by the hedge-rows, where the dew Glitters on the harebell blue. Sipping sweets from ev'ry flower, Thou hast ne'er an idle hour: Full well thou murm'rest, busy Bee, Thy sweet Ode to Industry.

The Highland Lassie.

WITH merry blue eyes, and with loose flowing bair.

With fresh rosy cheeks, and her pretty feet bare,

With a tatter'd straw bonnet, that loosely is tied,

And a little rush basket that hangs at her side,

Which she fills full with heather bells lilac and blue, And daisies and berries of many a hue.

My sweet Highland lassie is singing as gay, As a little sky-lark at the break of the day.

My pretty young child, can I take you with me,

My little pet servant and maiden to be, Away from this moorland, so dismal and

To be nurse to my own little baby and dear; To sing your nice songs, all so lively and

To my merry young folks at the time of their play?

Oh, come, my sweet maiden, and do not say nay;

Let us leave these bleak mountains, and hasten away. O lady! my mother is aged and poor, And scarcely can walk to her own cottagedoor:

My father is dead, and no other has she To help and to tend her but poor little me. No! while mother lives, by her side will I stav.

To watch her by night, and to cheer her by day;

But when mother dies, and in her grave is laid,

Oh, send for me then, for your own little maid. H. F.

6. Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had To comfort friends and foes; The naked every day he clad When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found, As many dogs there be, Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound, And curs of low degree.



This dog and man at first were friends; But when a pique began, The dog, to gain some private ends, Went mad and bit the man.

Around, from all the neighb'ring streets, The wond'ring neighbours ran, And swore the dog had lost his wits, To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad To every Christian eye; And while they swore the dog was mad, They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That shew'd the rogues they lied;
The man recover'd of his bite,
The dog it was that died.

GOLDSMITH.

7. The Shepherd's Song.

My banks they are furnished with bees,
Whose murnur invites one to sleep;
My grottoes are shaded with trees.
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains all bordered with moss,
Where the hare-bell and violet grow,

Not a pine in my grove is there seen, But with tendrils of woodbine is bound; Not a beech's more beautiful green, But a sweet briar entwines it around. Not my fields in the prime of the year More charms than my cattle unfold; Not a brook that is limpid and clear, But it glitters with fishes of gold. Surveyour.

8. The Beggar Girl.

Owan the mountains and over the moor, Hungry and thirsty, I wander forlorn; My father is dead and my mother is poor, And she grieves for the days that will never return.

Pity, kind gentle folk, friends of humanity, Cold blows the wind and the night's coming on:

Give me some food for my mother in charity, Give me some food, and I then will be gone.

Call me not lazy bones, beggar, and bold enough.

Fain would I learn both to knit and to sew;
I've two little brothers at home, when
they're old enough

They will work hard for the gifts you bestow.

Pity, kind gentlefolk, &c.

Think while you revel so careless and free, And are safe from the wind, and well clothed and fed,

Should fortune so change it, how hard it would be

To beg at a door for a morsel of bread. Pity, kind gentlefolk, &c.

9. The Fox and the Grapes.

A HUNGAY fox one day did spy,
Fa la la, fa la la la,
Some nice ripe grapes that hung full high,
Fa la la, fa la la la, la;
And as they hung they seem'd to say,
To him who underneath did stay,
If you can reach me down you may,
Fa la la, fa la la la la.

The fox he jump'd and jump'd again,
Fa la la, fa la la la.
And tried to reach them but in vain,
Fa la la, fa la la la la;
He smack'd his lips for near an hour,
But found the prize beyond his power,
And then he raid, The grapes are sour!
Fa la la, fa la ha la la.

10. The Traveller's Return.

SWEET to the early wayfarer
The song amid the sky,
Where twinkling in the dewy light,
The sky-lark soars on high;
And cheering to the wayfarer
The gales that o'er him play,
When faint and heavily he drags
Along his noon-tide way.

And when beneath the unclouded sky Full wearily toils he, The flowing water makes to him A southing melody. PART III. ON GENERAL SURFECTS.

And when the daylight wanes away, And all is calm around, There is sweet music to his ear In the distant sheep-bell's sound.

And sweet the village curfew-bell,
As shades of night appear,
That marks his weary journey's bourn,
And tells that home is near.
But, oh! of all delightful sounds,
Of evening or of morn,
Far sweetest is the voice of love
That welcomes his return.

SOUTHEY,

11. The Butterfly's Ball.

Comm, take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the Butterfly's ball and the Grasshopper's feast:
The trumpeter Gad-fly has summoned the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.
On the smooth shaven grass by the side of a wood
Beneath a proad oak which for ages has stood,
See the children of earth and the tenants of air
For an evening's amusement together repair.

SCHOOL SONGS.

And there came the Beetle so blind and so black,
Who carried the Emmet his friend on his back;
And there came the Gnat and the Dragonfly too,
And all their relations, green, orange, and

blue.

And there came the Moth in his plumage of

down,

And the Hornet in jacket of yellow and

Who with him the Wasp his companion did bring;

But they promis'd that ev'ning to lay by their sting.

And the sly little Dormouse crept out of his hole,

And led to the feast his blind brother the

Mole; And the Snail, with his horns peeping out from his shell,

Came from a great distance—the length of an ell.

A mushroom their table, and on it was laid A water-dock leaf, which a tablecloth made; The viands were various, to each of their taste.

And the Bee brought his honey to crown the repast.

There close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,
The Frog from a corner look'd up to the skies;

PART III. ON GENERAL SUBJECTS.

And the Squirrel, well pleas'd such diversion to see,

Sat cracking his nuts overhead in a tree. Then out came a Spider, with fingers so fine.

To shew his dexterity on the tight-line; From one branch to another his cobweb he slung.

Then as quick as an arrow he darted along.

But just in the middle,—oh, shocking to tell!—

From his rope in an instant poor harlequin fell;

Yet he touch'd not the ground, but with talons outspread,

Hung suspended in air at the end of a thread.

Then the Grasshopper came, with a jerk and a spring, Very long was his leg, though but short was

his wing
He took but three leaps, and was soon out

of sight,
Then chirp'd his own praises the rest of the
night.

With steps quite majestic the Snail did advance,

And promis'd the gazers a minuet to dance; But they all laugh'd so loud that he pulled in his head,

And went in his own little chamber to bed.

Then as ev'ning gave way to the shadows of night,

Their watchman, the Glow-worm, cameout with his light;

Then home let us hasten while yet we can see,

For no watchman is waiting for you and for me. Roscoe.

12. The Italian Pedlar Boy.

FROM the fair Sardinian shore,
I your markets come to store;
Muse not though so far I dwell.
And my wares come here to sell:
'Tis from the fear of hunger and cold.
Then come to my pack while I cry,
What d'ye lack, what d'ye buy f
For here it is to be sold.

Knives and scissors—thus I cry; Thread and tape—come, ladies, buy; Pins and needles—here you see All of finest quality. hings for the young, and things for the o

Things for the young, and things for the old.
Then come to my pack, &c.

Ladies! ah, you not'ing buy
From the poor Italian boy;
Yet I left my own dear home,
And to you, kind friends, am come.
Let me not die, then, of hunger and cold.
But come to my pack, &c. H. F.

13. What shall we have for Dinner?

What shall we have for dinner, Mistress Bond? There's beef in the larder, and ducks in the

Send us the beef first, good Mistress Bond; Then get your ducks dress'd out of the pond. Dill, ill, &c.

John Ostler, go and kill a duck or two; Ma'am, says John Ostler, I'll try what I can do. Dill, ill, &c.

I've been to the ducks that are in the pond, But they will not come to be kill'd, Mistress Bond. Dill, ill, &c.

Mistress Bond then files to the pond in a rage,
With plenty of onions and plenty of sage.

Dill, ill, &c.

And cries, Little wagtails, come here and be

For you must be stuff'd, and my customers fill'd.

Dill, ill, &c.

Tunesday Google



The Irish Harper and his Dog.

On the green banks of Shannon, when Summer was nigh,

No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I; No harp like my own could so cheerily play, And wherever I went was my faithful dog Tray.

Poor dog! he was watchful and kind, to be sure,

And he constantly loved me, although I was poor;
When the sour-looking folks sent me

heartless away,
I had always a friend in my faithful dog
Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold.

And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,

How snugly we slept in my old coat of gray, And he lick'd me for kindness, my faithful dog Tray!

Though my wallet was scant, I remember'd his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter's day.

And I play'd a lament for my faithful dog Tray. Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind?

Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind?

To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I can never return with my faithful dog
Tray.

CAMPBELL.

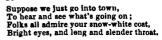
15. The Bird caught at Sea.

PRETTY little feather'd fellow,
Whyso far from home doer rove?
What misfortune brought thee hither,
From the green embower'd grove?
Here secure from danger rest thee,
Let thy throbbing heart be still;
Here no school-boy shall molest thee,
No one here shall use thee iil.

Fresh spring-water here shall cheer thee, Barley-corns and crumbs of bread; Sleep and fear no dauger near thee, On the sails recline thine head; And when kindly winds shall speed us To the land we wish to see, Then, sweet captive, thou shalt leave us, And amid the groves be free.

16. The Fox and the Goose.

Good Mistress Goose, this charming day Pray walk with me a little way; The sun is up, the sir is clear, A walk will do you good, my dear.



GOOSE.

I thank you kindly, Mister Fox, But more I thank the bolts and locks, That make you stand outside the door, To try elsewhere your lying lore. Before you came the day was fair; But since you spoke I do declare, The sight of you, good sir, to day, Has sent the whole sunshine away.

17. The Church-Bells.

THE MATIN BELL,

PEALING from the grey Church-tower,
Hark, hark! the Matin Bell
Slowly chimes the midnight hour:
Hark, hark! the Matin Bell.
Now the time of rest is o'er,
Now the friars in the choir
Soon must sing the Matin Hour:
Bim. bome. the Matin Bell.

THE SANCTUS BELL.

Ringing from the Church-tower grey, Hark, hark! the Sanctus Bell Ushers in morn's early ray: Hark, hark! the Sanctus Bell. Fresh and rosy dawns the day; Watchman, to thy rest away; Faithful soul, awake and pray: Bim, bome, the Sanctus Bell.

THE PASSING BELL.

Swinging from the Church-tower grey,
Sadly tolls the Passing Bell:
One more soul hath sped her way:
Bim, bome, the Passing Bell.
From this world's poor pageanity,
Lord, thou call'st a soul to Thee;
Grant her rest eternally:
Bim, bome, the Passing Bell.

THE VESPER BELL.

Stealing from the grey Church-tower,
Sweetly chimes the Vesper Bell.
Soft it tells the evening hour:
Hark, hark! the Vesper Bell.
From the spirit's silent wear,
From the day's turmoil and care,
Hark! it calls to song and prayer:
Bim, bome, the Vesper Bell.

THE CURYEW BELL.

Rolling from the grey Church-tower.

Hark, hark! the Curfew Bell.

Sad it tells that day is o'er:

Hark, hark! the Curfew Bell.

Curfew Bell! I hear thee say,

Thus I ring the knell of day,

Mortal, here thou may'st not stay:

Bim, bome, the Curfew Bell. H. F.



18. The Fly about the Candle.

THE fly about the candle gay
Will dance with thoughtless hum;
But short, alas! her giddy play—
Her pleasure proves her doom.

The child in like simplicity
About the bee-hive clings,
And with one drop of honey she
Receives a thousand stings.

19. Lucy Gray

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew, She dwelt on a wide moor, The sweetest thing that ever grew

Beside a cottage-door. You, too, may spy the fawn at play,

The hare upon the green,
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night, You to the town must go, And take a lantern, child, to light Your mother through the snow."

"That, father, I will gladly do;
"Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster clock has just struck two,
And vonder is the moon."

At this the father raised his hook, And snapp'd a faggot-band; He plied his work, and Lucy took The lantern in her hand. Not blither is the mountain roe; With many a wanton stroke Her feet disperse the powdery snow, That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time;
She wander'd up and down,
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reach'd the town.
The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood,
That overlook'd the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from the door.
They wept, and turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet!"—
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet!

Half-breathless, from the steep hill's edge
They track'd the footmarks small,
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall;
And then an open field they cross'd—
The marks were still the same;
They track them on, nor ever lost,
And to the bridge they came.

They follow'd from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank—
And further there were none!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

WORDSWORTH.

20. Oh, call my Brother back again.

CHILD.

OH, call my brother back again,
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flow'r and bee;
Where is my brother gone?
Oh! call my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone.

The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh! call my brother back.
Oh! call. &c.

The flowers run wild—the flowers we sow'd Around our garden-tree; Our vine is drooping with its load— Oh! call him back to me. Oh! eall, &c.

MOTHER.

He would not hear my voice, fair child!
He may not come to thee;
The face that once like spring-time smiled
On earth no more thou'lt see!
Thy brother is in heaven, my boy,
And thou must play alone.

PART III. ON GENERAL SUBJECTS.

A rose's brief bright life of joy, Such unto him was given; You call for him in vain, my boy— Thy brother is in heaven i Thy brother is, &c.

CHILD.

And has he left the birds and flowers,

And must I call in vain;

And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?
Oh! call. &c.

And by the brook, and in the glade, Are all our wanderings o'er? Oh! while my brother with me play'd, Would I had loved him more! Oh! call. &c.

MRS. HEMANS.

21. The Mouse's Petition.

OH, hear a trembling pris'ner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs;
And never let thine heart be shut
Against the suffrer's cries;
For here forlorn and sad I sit,
Within this wiry grate,
And tremble at th' approach of morn,
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glow'd, And spurn'd the oppressor's chain, Oh, do not then with tyrant force A free-born mouse detain:



Oh, do not stain with guiltless blood Thy hospitable hearth, Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd A prize so little worth.

The scatter'd gleanings of a feast My little meals supply; But if thine unrelenting heart That slender boon deny, The cheerful light, the vital air, Are blessings widely giv'n; Let Nature's children all enjoy

Let Nature's children all enjoy
The common gifts of Heav'n.

The tender sympathising heart
To all compassion gives,
Casts round the world its glance of love,
And feels for all that lives.
Then hear a trembling pris her's prayer,
For liberty that sighs;

And never let thine heart be shut
Against the suff'rer's cries.
MRS. BARBAULD.

22. . A-Hunting we will go.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn;
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The huntsman winds his horn.
Chorus—Then a hunting we will go, &c.
Sly Reynard, he like lightning flies,
His cunning's wide awake;
To gain the race he eager tries,
His forfeit life the stake.
When a hunting we do go, &c.

PART III. ON GEWERAL SUBJECTS

Away he goes, he files, the rout
Their steeds all spur and switch;
Some are thrown in, and come thrown out,
And some lie in the ditch.
But a hunting we will go, &c.

But now his strength to faintness worn, The hounds have seized their prey; Then hungry, homewards we return, To hunt another day, When a hunting we will go. &c.

23. The Cuckoo.

THE bee is humming in the sun,
The yellow cowslip springs;
And, hark! from yonder woodland's side
Again the Cuckoo sings;
No other note but Cuckoo still
She sings from day to day;
Yet I, though but a little child,
Can read, and sing, and pray.

24. John Barleycorn.

THERE went three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high;
And they have sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn shall die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down, Put clods upon his head; And they have sworn a solemn oath, John Barleycorn was dead.



But the cheerful spring came kindly on, And showers began to fall; John Barleycorn got up again, And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came, And he grew thick and strong,

And he grew thick and strong, His head well arm'd with pointed spears, That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild, And he grew wan and pale; His bending joints and drooping head Shew'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more, He faded into age; And then his enemies began

To shew their deadly rage.

They took a weapon strong and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;

Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgery.

They laid him down upon his back,

And cudgell'd him full sore; They hung him up before the storm, And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They fill'd up then a darksome pit With water to the brim, And heav'd in poor John Barleycorn, To let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor, To work him further woe; And still, as signs of life appear'd, They toss'd him to and fro. They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones;
But the miller used him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

And they have strain'd his very heart's blood,

And drank it round and round, And still the more and more they drank, Their joy did more abound.

So, neighbours all, make sad lament, And sorely weep and mourn, For new you've heard the doleful end Of bold John Barieycorn.

BURNS.

The Captive Lark.

"Tis merry morn, the sun has shed His light upon the mountain head; The golden dews are sparkling now, On heath and hill, on flower and bough. And many a happy song is heard From ev'ry gay rejoicing bird But never more alas, shall I, Soar up and sing in yonder sky.

Thro' these harsh wires I view in vain The ray that once awoke my strain; A prisoner here, I fret and pine, My useless wings their strength decline, Sad is my fate, to see the stars Pass one by one before my bars, And know when dawn returneth, I No more may sing in yonder sky.



Oh, barbarous you, who still can bear This mournful doom to bid me share; To see me droop and sadden on With wishful eye from dawn to dawn; Beating my little breast in woe 'Gainst these dread wires that vex me so, And my glad passage still deny, To soar and sing in yonder sky. Oh, let me fly, fly up once more: How would my wing delighted soar! What rapture would my song declare, Pour'd out upon the sunny air! Oh, set me free! for here in vain

26. The Spider and the Fly.

I try to breathe one gladsome strain; In this dark den I pine, I die; Oh, let me flee to yonder sky!

Will you walk into my parlour, said a Spider to a Fly;

Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy. The way into my parlour is up a winding

stair,
And I have many pretty things to shew

when you get there.
Oh, no, no! said the little Fly; to ask meis in vain:

For who goes up that winding stair shall ne'er come down again.

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly, Dear friend, what can I do

To prove the warm affection I have ever felt for you? For I know what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see.

Sweet creature, said the Spider, you're witty and you're wise;

How handsome are your gaudy wings, how brilliant are your eyes!

I have a little looking-glass upon my parlour-shelf;

If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself.
Oh, thank you, gentle sir, she said, for

what you're pleased to say;
And wishing you good morning now, I'll
call another day,

The Spider turn'd him round again, and went into his den, For well he knew that silly Fly would soon

come back again.

And then he wove a tiny web, in a little

. .

And then he wove a tiny web, in a little corner sly,

And set his table ready for to dine upon the Fly;

And went out to his door again, and merrily did sing,

Come hither, pretty little Fly, with the gold and silver wing.

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little

Hearing his wily flattering words, came slowly fluttering by.

With humming wings she hung aloft, then nearer and nearer drew. Thinking only of her crested head and gold

and purple hue:
Thinking only of her brilliant wings, poor

Thinking only of her brilliant wings, poor silly thing! at last,

Up jump'd the cruel Spider, and firmly held her fast!

He dragg'd her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,

Within his little parlour; but she ne'er came down again.

And now, my pretty maidens, who may this story hear,

To silly, idle, flattering words, I pray you ne'er give ear; Unto an evil counsellor close heart, and

ear, and eye,
And learn a lesson from this tale of the
Spider and the Fly.

MARY HOWITT.

27. The Song of the Cormorant.

FLOATING, flying, swimming ever, On the restless sea dwell I; Boatmen say, "There goes a diver;" Landsmen, "'Tis a bird of prey."

CHORUS.

Where the deep blue glassy ocean, Rippling, murmurs pleasantly, Where it raves in wild commotion, Calm or tempest, there am I.

Where the crab, with slant meand'ring, Crawls o'er tangled weeds his way, Or herring-shoals delight in wand'ring, There it is I seek my prey. Where the deep blue glassy, &c.

Nets and lines and tackle ready,
Salling with the early dawn,
Boatmen see me skim the eddy,
And hail a brother fisherman.
Where the deep blue glassy, &c.
H. F.

28. The Sea-side.

٠.

When in my sweet childhood that's gone I stood by the side of the main, At ev'ry new wave that roll'd on, I wonder'd and wonder'd again; As I gather'd the shells on its shore, As I gaz'd on the vessels at sea, The mystery grew more and more, And could not interpreted be.

The thoughts which my childhood beguil'd.
Were an emblem, I well perceive how;
As I thought of the sea when a child,
So I think of eternity now.
I stand by the side of its sea,
I gather the shells on its shore;
But its depths are mysterious to me
As the depths of the ocean of yore.



Thus every new year that we live
Brings mysteries strange to descry,
And the best of all homage to give
Is to wonder on still till we die.
Then the sea from its depth shall go fleeing,
All bare shall eternity be:

And those who now wonder not seeing, Shall wonder the more when they see. REV. E. CASWALL.

29. The Thrush.

How void of care you merry Thrush, That sings melodious in the bush; That has no stores of wealth to keep, No lands to plough, no corn to reap!

He never frets for worthless things, But lives in peace, and sweetly sings; Enjoys the present with his mate, Unmindful of to-morrow's fate.

Rejoiced he finds his morning fare, His dinner lies—he knows not where; Still to the unfailing hand he chants His grateful song, and never wants.

Of true felicity possess'd,
He glides through life supremely blest;
And for his daily meal relies
On Him whose love the world supplies.
WILLIAMS.

30. The Beggar-Man.

Around the fire, one wintry night, The farmer's rosy children sat, The faggot lent its blazing light, And jokes went round and careless chat. When, hark! a gentle hand they hear, Low tapping at the bolted door; And, thus to gain their willing ear, A feeble voice was heard to implore: "Cold blows the blast across the moor, The sleet drives hissing in the wind, You toilsome mountain lies before, A dreary treeless waste behind. Open your hospitable door, And shield me from the biting blast: Cold, cold it blows across the moor. The weary moor that I have past!" With hasty steps the farmer ran. And close beside the fire they place The poor half-frozen beggar-man, With shaking limbs and pallid face. The little children flocking came, And warm'd his stiffening hands in theirs; And busily the good old dame A comfortable mess prepares. Their kindness cheer'd his drooping soul; And slowly down his wrinkled cheek The big round tear was seen to roll, And told the thanks he could not speak . The children too began to sigh, And all their merry chat was o'er: And yet they felt, they knew not why.

١.

LUCY AIRIN.

More glad than they had done before.

31. The Song of the Foxes.

YOUNG FOX.

Ho! brother Fox, dost hear what I say?

Hey for the coppice-wood down in the
vale!

The hunt and the hounds are coming this way.

Hey for the coppice-wood down in the vale!

Chorus.

Heigho, heigho! hey for the coppice-wood, Hey for the coppice-wood down in the vale!

Heigho, heigho! hey for the coppice-wood, Hey for the coppice-wood down in the vale!

The master, I know him,old Timothy Sheen, Hey for the coppice-wood down in the

And the field that is with him, in scarlet and green.

Hey for the coppice-wood down in the vale!

Heigho, &c.

I've seen him just now, in his hunting array, His dogs all about, on the scent of their prey.

Now should they but find us here under the rocks,

"d give but a song for our chance, brother Fox.



OLD FOX.

Why then if they're coming, we'd best make away.

And leave them to find such sport as they may.

And if they've a mind to be riding all day,
All for no good, let them have their own
way.

H. F.

N.B. The Burden, "Hey for," &c. is repeated after each line; and the Chorus, "Heigho," &c. at the end of each couplet.

32. By the side of a murmuring Stream.

By the side of a murmuring stream An elderly gentleman sat; On the top of his head was his wig, On the top of his wig was his hat.

The wind it blew high and blew strong Where this elderly gentleman sat, And took from his head in a trice And plung'd in the river his hat.

The gentleman then took his cane, Which lay by his side as he sat, But he dropp'd in the river his wig, In attempting to get out his hat,

: •

And now in the depth of despair,
Though still from the place where he sat,
He flung in the river his cane,
To swim with his wig and his hat.



But cooler reflection at length, As this elderly gentleman sat, Said, jump up and follow the stream, And look for your wig and your hat.

But alas for the thought! for so soon As he rose from the place where he sat, He slipp'd! and fell plump overhead, To swim with his wig and his hat!

33. The Fox and the Cat.

THE Fox and the Cat, as they travelled one day.

With moral discourses cut shorter the way: "Tis good," said the Fox, "to make justice our guide."
"How godlike is mercy!" Grimalkin re-

plied.

As thus they proceeded, a Wolf from the wood.

Impatient of hunger and thirsting for blood, Rush'd forth as he saw the dull shepherd asleep,

And seized for his breakfast an innocent Sheep.

"'Tis in vain," cried the Wolf, "Mistress Sheep, that you bleat,

When mutton's at hand, you know well I must eat."

The Cat was astounded! the Fox stood aghast!

To see the fell beast at his cruel repast.

"What a wretch!" said the Cat: "what a bloodthirsty brute! To seize a poor Sheep, when there's herbage and fruit," Cried the Fox, "With the acorns so sweet and so good. What a tyrant this is to spill innocent blood,"

Then onward they went and discoursed by the way. And with still more wise maxims enliven'd the day; And e'er as they travell'd they moralised

Till they came where some poultry peck'd chaff by a mill

Then the Fox, without ceasing his sayings so wise. Now snapp'd up a Chicken by way of a And a mouse which then chanced from her covert to stray, The thoughtful Grimalkin secured as her prey.

A Spider who sat in her web on the wall Perceived the poor victims and pitied their fail: She cried. "Of such murders how guiltless Then ran to regale on a new-taken Fly. J. CUNNINGHAM.

34. The African Traveller's Reception.

The boud wind roar'd, the rain fell fast, The white man yielded to the blast; He sate him down beneath our tree, For weary, faint, and sad was he; For ah, no wite or mother's care For him the milk or corn prepare.

Chorus.

The white man shall our pity share, The white man shall our pity share; For ah, no wife or mother's care For him the milk or corn prepare.

The storm is o'er, the tempest past, And mercy's voice has hush'd the blast; The wind is heard in whispers low, The white man far away must go; But ever in his heart will bear Remembrance of the negro's care.

Chorus.

Go, white man, go, but with thee bear Remembrance of the negro's care; Go, white man, go, but with thee bear Remembrance of the negro's care.

35. The Harebell and the Foxglove.

In a valley obscure, on a bank of green shade, A sweet little Harebell her dwelling had made: Her roof was a woodbine that tastefully spread

Its close-woven tendrils o'erarching her head;

Her bed was of moss that each morning made new;

She din'd on a sunbeam and supp'd on the dew;

Her neighbour the nightingale sang her to

And care had ne'er planted its thorn in her breast.

One morning she caw on the opposite side A Forglove displaying his colours of pride; She gazed on his form, that in stateliness grew,

And envied his height and his beautiful hue:

She mark'd how the flow'rets all gave way before him,

While they press'd round her dwelling with far less decorum.

Dissatisfied, Jealous, and peevish she grows, And the sight of this Foxglove destroys her repose.

She tires of her vesture, and swelling with spleen.

Cries, "Ne'er such a dowdy blue mantle was seen!"

٠.

Nor keeps to herself any longer her pain, But thus to a Primrose begins to complain: "I envy your mood, that can patient abide The respect paid that Foxglove, his airs and his oride:



There you sit, still the same, with your colourless cheek;

But you have no spirit—would I were as meek!"

The Primrose, good-humoured, replied, "If you knew

More about him—(remember I'm older than you,

And, better instructed, can tell you his tale)—
You would envy him least of all flowers in

this vale;
With all his fine airs and his dazzling

show,
No flower more baneful and odious can blow:

No flower more baneful and odious can blow; And the reason the others before him give way

Is because they all hate him and shrink from his sway.

To stay near him long would be fading or death,

For he scatters a pest with his venomous breath;
While the flowers that you fancy are crowd-

ing you there,
Spring round you delighted your converse

to share.

His flame - coloured robe is imposing, 'tis

true, Yet who likes it so well as your mantle of

For we know that of innocence one is the vest.

The other the cloak of a treacherous breast.

I see your surprise—but I know him full well.

And have number'd his victims as fading they fell;

He blighted twin violets that under him lay, And poison'd a sister of mine the same day." The Primrose was silent; the Harebell, 'tis said.

Inclined for a moment her beautiful head, But quickly recover'd her spirits, and then Declared that she ne'er would feel envy again.

36. The Woodcutter's Evening Song.

Welcome, red and roundy sun,
Dropping lowly in the west,
Now my hard day's work is done,
I'm as happy as the best.
Though to leave your pretty song,
Little birds, it gives me pain,
Yet to-morrow is not long.
Then I'm with you all again.

If I stop and stand about,
Well I know how things will be;
They will all be looking out,
Watching anxiously for me.
Fare ye well and hold your tongues,
Sing no more till next I come;
They're not worthy of your songs
That never care to drop a crumb.

: .

All day long I love the oaks;
But at night you little cot,
Where I see the chimney smokes,
I know not a prettier spot.



All my little folks are there,
Waiting me with pleasant looks:
Table ready set and chair,
Supper hanging on the hooks.

Soon as ever I get in,
Quick my faggot down I fling;
Little prattlers then begin,
Teasing me to talk and sing.
Welcome, red and roundy sun,
Dropping lowly in the west,
Now my hard day's work is done,
I'm as happy as the best.

37. The Last Rose of Summer.

THE last rose of summer
Is faded and fied,
The leaves that adorn'd her
Are dying or dead;
The autumn is coming,
And, strong in its blast,
Will open for winter
A passage at last.

Oh, how to my spirit
It seemeth to say,
Thus too is thy summer
Fast fading away;
And the things that thou lovest,
Though beautiful now,
And the friends thou hast chosen.
Are fragile as thou.

Dost thou covet a summer
More certain of bliss?
Go seek thee a country
Far brighter than this;
Where the joys thou hast lost, thou
Shalt never deplore,
And the friends thou hast chosen
Shall quit thee no more
REV. EDWAED CASWALL.

38. The Dove sent from the Ark.

Go, beautiful and gentle dove,
And greet the morning ray:
For lo. the sun shines bright above,
The floods are past away.
No longer drooping here confin'd,
In this cold prison dwell;
Go free to sunshine and to wind,
Go forth, and fare thee well.

Go, beautiful and gentle dove,
Thy welcome sail will be.
When thou shalt hear no voice of love
In murmurs from the tree.
Yet freedom, freedom shalt thou find
From this cold prison cell;
Go, then, to sunshine and to wind,
Go forth, and fare thee well.
W. L. Bowles.

39. The Contented Blind Boy.

OH say, what is that thing call'd light, Which I must ne'er enjoy? What are the blessings of the sight? Oh, tell a poor blind boy.

You talk of wondrous things you see, You say the sun shines bright; I feel him warm, but how can he Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make, Whene'er I sleep or play: And could I always keep awake, With me 'twere always day.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy;
While thus I sing I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.
C. CIBBER.

40. Little Flutt'rer, swiftly flying.

LITTLE flutt'rer, swiftly flying,
There is none to harm thee near;
Kite nor hawk nor schoolboy prying,
Little flutt'rer, cease to fear.
One who would protect thee ever
From the schoolboy, kite, or hawk,
Musing now comes near, but never
Dreamt of plunder in his walk.

PART III. ON GENERAL SUBJECTS.

-1

May no cuckoo wand'ring near thee
Lay her egg within thy nest;
Nor thy young ones, born to cheer thee,
Be destroy'd by such a guest.
Little flutt'er, swiftly flying,
There is none to harm thee near;
Kite nor hawk nor schoolboy prying,
Little flutt'ere, cease to fear,

41. The Humming-Bird.

Tits humming-bird, the humming-bird, So fairy-like and bright, It lives among the sunny flow'rs, A creature of delight; In radiant islands of the East, Where fragrant spices grow, A thousand thousand humming-birds Go glancing to and fro.

Like living fires they fit about
Scarce larger than a bee,
Among the broad palmetto leaves,
And through the fan palm-tree.
And in the wild and verdant woods
Where lofty moras tower;
Where hangs from branching tree to tree
The stately passion-flow'r.

Thou happy happy humming-bird, No storms around thee low'r; Thou never saw'st a leafiess tree, Nor land without a flow'r.



A reign of summer joyfulness
To thee for life is given;
Thy food the honey from the flow'r,
Thy drink the dew from heaven.

MARY HOWITT.

42. The Convent-Bell.

FAR, far o'er hill and dale,
On the winds stealing,
List to the convent-bell,
Sweetly pealing.
Hark! hark! it seems to say,
As melt those sounds away,
So life's short joys decay
While now they're fleeting.

Now through the charmed air, Slowly ascending, List to the chanted prayer, Solemnly blending. Hark, hark! it seems to say, Turn from vain joys away, To those which ne'er decay; For life is ending.

43. The Child's Wish.

I wish I were a little bird,
To fly so far and high,
And sail along the golden clouds,
And through the azure sky.

I'd be the first to see the sun
Up from the ocean spring;
And ere it touch'd the glitt'ring spire.
Its ray should gild my wing.

Above the hills I'd watch him still Far down the crimson west, And sing to him my evening song Ere yet I sought my rest.

And many a land I then should see,
As hill and plain I cross'd;
Nor fear, through all the pathless sky,
That I should ere be lost.

Now if I climb our highest hill, How little can I see! Oh, had I but a pair of wings, How happy should I be! I wish I were a little bird, To fly so far and high, To sail along the golden clouds, And through the azure sky.

44. Ariel's Song—Where the Bee sucks.

WHERE the bee sucks, there lurk I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I crouch when owls do cry:
On the bat's back I do fly,
After sunset, merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
' Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

45. The Cuckoo.

Hazı, beauteous stranger of the grove, Attendant on the spring! Now heav'n repairs thy vernal seat, And woods thy welcome sing; Soon as the daisy decks the green, Thy certain voice we hear. Hast thou a star to guide thy path, Or mark the rolling year?

SCHOOL SONGS.

Delightful visitant! with thee I hail the time of flow?rs, When heaven is fill'd with music sweet Of birds among the bow'rs.
The schoolboy, wand'ring in the wood To pull the flowers so gay,

Starts—thy curious voice to hear, And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest the vocal vale;
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.
Sweet bird, thy bow'r is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

LANGHORNE.

46. Invitation to the Birds.

YE gentle warblers, hither fly, And shun the noontide heat; My shrubs a cooling shade supply, My groves a safe retreat. Here freely hop from spray to spray, And weave the mossy nest; Here rove and sing the live-long day, At night here sweetly rest.

Amid this cool transparent rill,
That trickles down the glade,
Here bathe your plumes, here drink your
fill,
And revel in the shade.
Hither the vocal thrush repairs,
Secure the linnet sings;
The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares.

Sweet nightingale! oh, quit thy haunt, Yon distant woods among, And round my friendly grotto chant Thy sadly pleasing song. Nor let the harmless redbreast fear, Domestic bird, to come And seek a safe asylum here, With one that loves his home.

To clog her painted wings.

My trees for you. ye artless tribe,
Shall store of fruit preserve;
Oh, let me thus your friendship bribe,
Come feed without reserve.
For you these cherries I protect,
To you these plums belong;
Sweet is the fruit that you have peck'd,
But sweeter far your song.
GRAVES.

47. Old King Cole.

OLD King Cole was a merry old soul, And a merry old soul was he; And he call'd for his pipe, and he call'd for his bowl,

And he called for his fiddlers three. Ev'ry fiddler had a fine fiddle, A very fine fiddle had he.

Then twee tweedle-dee, tweedle-dee, went the fiddler:

And so merry we'll all be.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He cail'd for his pipe, and he cail'd for
his bowl,
And he cail'd for his harpers three.
Ev'ry harper had a fine harp,
And a very fine harp had he.
Then twang, twanga-twang, twanga-twang,
went the harper;
Twee, tweedle-dee, went the

fiddler; And so merry we'll all be.

In the third verse the King calls " for his pipers three."

Then too, tootle-too, tootle-too, went the piper;
Twang, twanga-twang, &c.
Twee, tweedle-dee, &c.

In the fourth verse he calls "for his drummers three."

Then rub, rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, went the drummer;
Too, tootle-too, &c.

Imitating each different instrument in its turn.

48. The Cuckoo.

Now the sun is in the west, Sinking slow behind the trees, And the cuckoo, welcome guest, Gently woos the ev'ning breeze. Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Gently woos the ev'ning breeze.

Sportive now the awallows play, Lightly skimming o'er the brook; Darting awift they wing their way, Homeward to their peaceful nook; Whilst the cuckoo, bird of spring, Still amidst the trees doth sing, Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Still amidst the trees doth sing.

.

Cheerful see yon shepherd-boy, Climbing up the craggy rocks; As he views the dappled sky, Pleas'd the cuckoo's note he mocks. Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Pleas'd the cuckoo's note he mocks. Now advancing o'er the plain, Ev'ning's dusky shades appear, And the cuckoo's voice again Gently steals upon mine ear; While retiring from the view, Thus she bids the day adieu: Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Thus she bids the day adieu.

49. The Nightingale.

SWEET bird, enchantress of the earth, Born in the world's young prime, The only bird of Eden birth Left to this latter time.

Why on the joyous sunny day
Thy golden notes expend?
To lonely night belongs thy lay;
Save thee she has no friend.

The day, it has a thousand songs, Of leaflet, bird, and bee; The merry bell to the day belongs,— The night, it has but thee.

Then for sad solitary night
Reserve thy downy lay;
And she to thee, for this delight,
Full many thanks will pay.

List'ning all still, o'er vale and hill, While from some copsewood tree Thou with charm'd trill the air dost fill, Blending all things in thee.

REV. E. CASWALL.

50. A Narrow Brooklet.

A NARROW brooklet ill befits
The ship in gallant trim,
When bound across the ocean waves,
With precious freight to swim.

So, too, the heart confined to earth A stranded object lies, Meant by its Maker to maintain Communion with the skies.

Oh, my poor bark, so long aground, Expand thy drooping sail, Forsake this narrow inland coast, And catch the open gale.

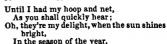
It ill becomes thine origin,
Thy destiny sublime,
To stay immers'd in vanities
Upon the shore of time.

Let not a shallow earthly pool
That noble keel detain;
'Tis bound with precious freight to cross
Th' illimitable main.

REV. E. CASWALL.

51. The Little Butterfly-Catcher.

WHEN first I went, a little miss, To school in Lincolnshire, Oh, weary were the dull long days For many a tedious year,



To rove a truant gay and free
Across the open moor,
And chase the painted butterflies
As they fly from flow'r to flow'r;
To wave about my nice green net,
And run I know not where:
Oh!'tis my delight, as the sun shines bright,
In the season of the year.

Full many a gay bright butterfly
I caught with stealthy bound,
And oft I pull'd them limb from limb,
And left them on the ground,
And never thought how cruel 'twas
Their little wings to tear:
Oh! 'twas my delight, as the sun shone
bright,
In the season of the year.

But roving once across the moor,
A truant free and gay,
The sober dame who ruled the school
Did chance to pass that way;
And spying me, full loud did cry,
Young miss, what brings you here?
Oh! 'twas small delight, as the sun shone
bright,
To stand and quake for fear.

So I was whipp'd and sent to bed,
That the rest might learn to fear,
And duly keep the good dame's rules
For the sequel of the year;
And chase no more gay butterflies,
Or their little wings to tear:
Still! 'tis my delight, when the sun shines
bright,
In the season of the year.
H. F.

•

52. The Swallow's Flight.

SWALLOW, that on rapid wing Sweep'st along in sportive ring, Here and there, and low and high, Chasing keen the painted fly; Swallow, let me fly with thee.

First from England's southern shore 'Cross the Channel we would soar; Then with daring flight advance To the plains of sprightly France:—Swallow, let me fly with thee.

Where on verdant banks of Loire Playful sport the feather'd choir, Or where Bourdeaux skirts the side Of Garonne's majestic tide, I would skim away with thee,

Next o'er tow'ring Pyrenees,
Myrtle groves and orange-trees,
To the hilly wild domain,
Where are fed the flocks of Spain,
I would skim away with thee.



Then where figs and clives grow, Mules plod surely on and slow; Steering thus for many a day, Southward still our course away, Swallow, I would fly with thee.

Past Gibraltar's rocky steep,
Dashing o'er the foaming deep;
Then our roving journey o'er,
On the sultry Airic's shore,
Swallow, I would rest with thee.

Rut when spring's soft gales shall play Once more o'er our trackless way, Round and round, in sportive ring, Joyously on home-bound wing, Swallow, I would fly with thee. LUCK AIKIN.

53. Morning, Noon, and Evening.

MORNING.—First Child's Song.

Now the sun shines o'er the hill,
Now the morning breaketh clear,
Chanticleer with clarion shrill
Waketh all the farm-yard near.
Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows nursed by night retire,
And the peeping sunbeam now
Paints with gold the village-spire.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge
See the chatt'ring swallow spring;
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top Gently meets the morning gale, Lambkins now begin to crop Daisies on the dewy vale.

(Turning to the company present)
Tell me, sisters, am I wrong?
Has not Morn a pretty song?

Noon.—Second Chita's Song.

By the brook the shepherd dines,
From the glowing noontide heat
Shelter'd by the branching pines
Hanging o'er his grassy seat.
Cattle court the breeses bland
Where the streamlet wanders cool,
Or in languid silence stand
Midway in the marshy pool.

Languid is the landscape round,
Till the fresh descending shower,
Grateful to the thirsty ground,
Raises ev'ry fainting flower.
Now the hill, the hedge, are green,
Now the warbler's throat's in tune;
Blithesome is the verdant scene,
Brighten'd by the beams of Noon.

(Turning to the company present)
Gentle sisters, what say you?
Does not Noon sing sweetly too?

EVENING.—Third Child's Song.
O'er the heath the heifer strays
Free, her furrow'd task is done;
Now the village windows blaze,
Burnish'd by the setting sun.

Now the lonely owlet peeps From the barn or twisted brake, And the blue mist slowly creeps Curling on the silver lake

As the trout in speckled pride,
Playful from its bosom springs,
To the banks a ruffled tide
Verges in successive rings.
Freshly plays the Evening air,
Sweetly fall its shadows gray;
Even man f-regets his care,
Thoughtless for the coming dav.

(Turning to the company present)
Gentle sisters, of the three,
Give you not the prize to me?

Adapted by the Editor from a Pastoral of J. Cunningham.

This song may be sung by three children, personating respectively Morning, Noon, and Evening; and when thus sung, each child at the end of its song may turn to the company present and make its appeal, "Sisters, tell me," &c.

54. The Bee.

Sweet lab'rer, 'mid the summer's golden hour,

Full oft I trace thy little busy flight, With pleasure see thee perch from flow'r to flow'r,

On violets, woodbines, roses, lilies bright.

Yet what to thee is summer's golden smile?

And what to thee the flower-enamell'd plain?

Will gratitude reward thy daily toil?
No, no; thou workest for reward in vain.

Thy honied wealth is soon no longer thine; Rapacity shall force thy little door: Those treasures with thy life thou must

resign,
A breathless victim, on thy fragrant store.

WALCOT.

55. The Orphan Beggar.

AH, pity, kind ladies, a poor little boy, Whose father and mother are dead; Who hungry and shiv'ring approaches you now.

To beg for a mouthful of bread.

Oh, think what it is to parade the wide world.

And to have neither friend nor a home; To be rated and forc'd from each half-open'd

With a rudely said, "Beggar, begone!"

Yet once I was happy and cheerful as you, My father he work'd at his mill, My mother she busily spun at her wheel,

And we thought not of danger or ill.
But the cholera came, and my father fell sick,

My mother stood by at his death;
"Then she too was seized, and within a few
hours

Convulsively gasp'd her last breath.



Ah me, what a sight for a helpless young boy,

A father and mother both dead! Yet the hard-hearted landlord soon turn'd me adrift,

To roam and to beg for my bread. Then pity, kind ladies, the poor orphan boy, That has not a friend or a home;

That has not a friend or a home; Who is browbeat and scolded wherever he goes,

And wanders forlorn and alone.

H. F.

56. The Fox and the Crow.

In a dairy one day
There had ventur'd to stray
A prying and pilfering crow,
To get what she could,

And fly off to the wood,

To her nest on the top of a bough.

There looking about, She soon spied out A newly cut slice from a cheese; "Ah, ah, now," said she,

"This will just do for me;" So away she flew off with her prize.

A Fox who stood by, And had noticed her fly, Thought, "Come, Mistress Crow, let me see!

For a Crow this may do, But I'm fond of cheese too!" So he came and stood under the tree.

H. F.

"Good day, Mistress Crow;
Tis a long time ago
Since friends like ourselves have been

found;

Old friends, when they meet, One another should greet;" But the Crow did not care to look round.

"Tis true years have past
Since the time we met last,
But your good looks are just what they
were;

The silvery tone
Of your sweet voice alone
Still sounds like a charm in mine ear.

Oh, how I would fain
Once to hear it again!"
Thought the Crow, we should all try to
please;
I will just sing one note,—
So she open'd her throat;
When the Fox ran away with her cheese.

57. The Cork Leg.

A poor relation came to crave
His bounty,—what d'ye think he gave!
He gave him a kick for daring to beg,
And kick'd him so hard that he broke—his
own leg.

Ri-too-ral-loo-ral, &c.

He very much wished to preserve his limb, But the doctor, on seeing it, said to him, This leg must come off—but don't look glum,

It still may be preserv'd—in rum. Ri-too-ral-loo-ral, &c.

Now Mynheer was proud, and could not decide
'Twixt a mortified leg and a mortified pride,
But covered at let

But consented at last, not liking it half, For he felt quite cow'd for the loss of his calf.

Ri-too-ral-loo-ral, &c.

A cork leg he determin'd to have complete, An artist engaged to do the feat, With springs and screws, and clock-work within,

That the loss of his leg did not matter a pin Ri-too-ral-loo-ral, &c.

He put on his leg to take a walk, His new leg stepp'd as light as cork; He put out his hand when an old friend met him,

And wanted to stop, but his leg would not let him.

Ri-too-ral-loo-ral, &c.



PART III. ON GENERAL SUBJECTS.

Through streets and squares, wherever he pass'd.

Folks wonder'd at seeing him walk so fast; He clung to a lamp-post in his alarms. But his *leg* proved stronger than both his arms.

Ri-too-ral-loo-ral, &c.

On—on he went,—he knew not where, Till night brought on a dark despair; A robber, meeting him in a wood, Cried Stop!—said he, I wish I could! Ri-too-ral-loo-ral. &c.

For home and friends he began to pine, He thought of his dinner and bottle of wine, But instead of drawing the cork, 'twould seem.

The cork was bent on drawing of him. Ri-too-ral-loo-ral, &c.

He had nought to drink but of misery's cup, And from not lying down he was soon knock'd up; His strength it decay'd he grew faint and

His strength it decay'd, he grew faint and ill,

He died—but his leg kept walking on still. Ri-too-ral-loo-ral, &c.

He left no will! 'tis very well known'
His leg never left him a will of his own;
Yet no man e'er died by land or by sea
Who left behind such a leg as he.
Ri-too-ral-loo-ral, &c.

'Tis a fact likewise, the man who made This wonderful leg has never been paid; Ready money was promised him for the

But the leg, to this day, is a running so Ri-too-ral-loo-ral, &c.

The passages marked in italics are intended to help the young singer to the humon of the piece.

58. To-morrow the Fox will come to Town.

To-morrow the Fox will come to town; Watch! watch! watch him well! To-morrow the Fox will come to town; Oh, neighbours, watch him well! I must desire you, neighbours all, To halloo the Fox out of the hall, And cry as loud as you can call,

Whoop! whoop! whoop! whoop! whoop! CHORUS. And cry as loud as you can call; Oh, watch him neighbours well! He'll steal the hen out of the pen;

Watch! watch! watch him well: He'll steel the hen out of the pen ; Oh, neighbours, watch him well! I must desire, &c. He'll steal the duck out of the brook; Watch! watch! &c.

He'll steal the lamb from near the dam;

59. Begone, Dull Care.

BEGONE, dull care, I prithee begone from me;

Begone, dull care, you and I shall never agree.

Long time then heat been terrying here

Long time thou hast been tarrying here And fain thou wouldst me kill, But i' faith, dull care,

Thou never shalt have thy will.

For too much care is health and strength's decay;

And too much thought, it wears the mind away.

Then away with gloom and sorrow, And merrily pass the day, For I hold it one of the wisest things To drive dull care away.

60. The Washing Day.

'Twas on a chill December morn,
The hour when fairies play,
The half-burnt rush-light dimly hid
The pale moon's glimm'ring ray,
When, plercing through the silent gloom,
A voice was heard to say,
What, all asleep! does no one know
It is our washing day!

Oh, there's no peace within the house; Ah me! ah, well away! There's little comfort in the house Upon a washing day. Then hurry, hurry, down the stairs
The busy maidens run;
The shining suds fly all about,
The work it is begun.
And I am bid with frowning look

To get out of the way;
You little miss, what want you here
Upon our washing day?

Upon our washing day?

Oh, there's no peace within the house; Ah me! ah, well away! There's little comfort in the house

There's little comfort in the house Upon a washing day.

To see the house a while ago
There came three ladies gay,
With many a smile and gracious look,
And then—they went away.
Now what they said, or what they thought,
I'm sure I cannot say;
But I do not think they'll come again

Upon a washing day.
When 'tis thump—thump—splash—

Scold—scold away,

Ah, little comfort's in the house
Upon a washing day.

splash-

Oh, cleanliness, sweet cleanliness, So smiling bright and fair, Oh, who would think that thou art gain'd With so much toll and care? Or who would say, that thou dost owe Thy face so smooth and gay,

To soap and suds and scrubbing-brush Upon a washing day? Chorus. To the thump—thump—splash—splash—Scold—scold away;
To all the mess and all the fuss
Upon a washing day. H. F.

61. God save the Queen.

God save our gracious Queen, Long live our noble Queen, God save the Queen. Send her victorious, Happy and glorious, Long to reign over us, God save the Queen.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On fair Victoria pour,
Long may she reign.
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen,

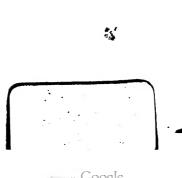


LONDON:

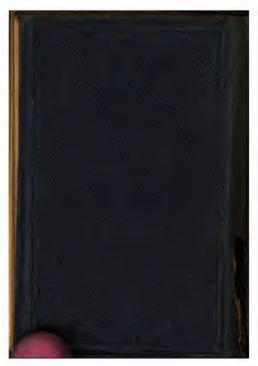
FRINTED BY LEVET, ROBSON, AND FRANKLYN,

Great New State, Fetter Lane.





Dullyzed by Google



Dunzen by Google